F-46.103
W7218c

77
.5D 019

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
5687

Division

Section

LIBRARY
JUL 22 1936
THEOLOGICAL

A

CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS,

IN WHICH ARE

SOME NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed in the year 1782.

A Collection of Hymns, &c.

HYMN I. America's future glory and happineſs.

1. COME riſe, my ſoul, to noble things,
And trace our future ſtate;
And joyful ſtretch thy fancy's wings,
And look for glory great.

2. Behold our weſtern world emerge,
And far outſhine the moon;
No longer ſunk, it will enlarge,
And riſe in glory ſoon.

3. See the bright morn of light appear,
As day breaks from the ſkies;
Our woes are gone, and every tear
Is baniſh'd from our eyes.

4. Fair liberty exalts her plumes,
And freedom takes the throne;
Juſtice, the ſeat of pow'r aſſumes,
And thrall no more is known.

5. Truth lifts its ſtandard in the field,
And righteouſneſs doth ſpring;
Ten thouſand ſouls to Jeſus yield,
And own him for their king.

6. Religion riſes, with its charms,
And ſcatters glories round;
Vaſt numbers flock to mercy's arms,
Where pardons may be found.

7. Religious tyranny no more
The land with bondage fills;
But freedom ſounds from ſhore to ſhore.
And echoes from the hills.

8. The warlike ſounds of battle ceaſe,
And ſwords no more deſtroy;
The glorious olive branch of peace
Fills ev'ry heart with joy.

9. The fields, where human blood was ſhed,
Are cloth'd with growing corn;
And pleaſant green, inſtead of red,
Doth hills and plains adorn.

10. The deſert wild becomes a field,
And bloſſoms like a roſe;
The barren land doth plenty yield,
And living water flows.

11. No more the lab'rour pines and grieves,
For want of plenty round;
His eyes behold the fruitful ſheaves,
Which make his joys abound.

12. No more Chriſt's miniſters complain,
And mourn with weeping eyes;
No longer ſpend their ſtrength in vain,
For num'rous converts riſe.

13. See flocking ſouls on Jeſus wait,
And run to hear his word;
Behold them ſtand before his gate,
And own him for their Lord.

14. Chriſt's watchmen now ſee, eye to eye,
And ſaints join heart and hand;
Free grace, free grace, is all the cry
Throughout this happy land.

15. This

15. This is the glory of our main,
And thus America
Will flouriſh under Jeſu's reign.
Amen, amen, I ſay.

HYMN II. The important war.

1. THERE is a war proclaim'd above,
Againſt the prince of hell below,
Who ſinn'd againſt the God of love,
And ſeeks his cauſe to overthrow.

2. In this great war none neuters are,
All run, all wreſtle, ſtrive and fight;
Some war with ſin, and ſome will dare
Wage war againſt the prince of light.

3. Great Belzebub, the prince of hell,
With all his legions at command;
Who from their firſt obedience fell,
Riſe up againſt Jehovah's hand.

4. The great Meſſiah, now doth draw
His ſword againſt each rebel's heart,
Reſolves to vindicate his law
And give to traitors their deſert.

5. God is a match, who dares engage?
Yet men, preſumptuous mortals, dare
Riſe up with ſpite, and helliſh rage,
And tempt him to the dreadful war.

6. Thoſe fools who do with Satan join,
And *dare* the great Supreme to riſe;
Shall feel his pow'r and wrath divine,
Which ſhall their guilty ſouls ſurprize.

7. But thoſe who throw their weapons down,
And love the bleſſed ſaviour's reign,
Shall be forgiv'n, and have a crown,
While foes and rebels ſhall be ſlain.

HYMN III. A call to the ſpiritual warfare.

1. CHRIST's trumpet ſounds, let ſaints be arm'd,
The battle is begun;
The hoſts of Satan are alarm'd,
The day will ſoon be won.

2. The glorious captain, Jeſus, ſends
The heraids of his might;
To ſearch and try who are his friends,
And who will liſt to fight.

3. The goſpel calls for volunteers,
That come with heart and hand;
Where is there one for Chriſt appears,
Againſt the foe to ſtand?

4. There's bounty money ſhall be giv'n
To all his ſoldiers here;
And glorious crowns and joys of heav'n,
When Jeſus ſhall appear.

5. Here's dreſs, and food, and drink, and arms,
And pay, and vict'ry's ſure;
This ev'ry Chriſtian ſoldier charms,
And makes him war endure.

6. The captain never quits the field,
But fights before his men;
Until his foes are made to yield,
Or all among the ſlain.

7. His foes can neither ſtand nor fly,
When he appears in fight;

But

But none of thoſe ſhall ever die,
Who in his army fight.

8 Dear Lord, behold I ſet my name,
A ſoldier I would be ;
Thy gracious promiſes I claim,
And give myſelf to thee.

HYMN IV. Chriſtians excited to obedience, by beholding a well diſciplined army.

1. COME all ye Chriſtians, view
These ſoldiers in array ;
Stand and behold whate'er they do,
And thus like them obey.

2. They all in order ſtand,
And watch their leader's eye ;
Obſerve the words of his command,
To make their motions by.

3. Their dreſs is neat and clean,
Their armour fit for war ;
In rank and file they all are ſeen,
Without one ſtriving jar.

4. They're uniform throughout,
This is their greateſt care ;
They march, they halt, they face about,
Juſt as their orders are.

5. They learn to underſtand
The uſe of all their arms ;
They are together in a band,
And ready for alarms.

6. And when they're call'd to fight
Againſt the common foe,

They

They all with heart and hand unite,
And chearfully they go.

7. And when they're in the field,
They fight with courage bold;
Their swords and spears they nobly wield,
Their foes in play they hold.

8. And when the battle's o'er,
The victry they proclaim;
And when they're call'd to try it more,
They're ready for the same.

9. Go, saints, obey your king,
And fight against your foes;
So you at last shall victry sing,
When time and war shall close.

HYMN V. A WEDDING SONG.

1. O Come let us sing,
That fair blooming spring,
Which such satisfaction did anciently bring.

2. Ere sin, that vile shame,
Destroy'd the pure Flame,
When love and affection well answer'd the name.

3. Our parents were join'd
In body and mind,
And loving each other did happiness find.

4. No hatred they knew,
Their love was most true;
They being united no longer were two.

5. Their joys were all one,
And sorrows they'd none,
With sweetness of pleasure each action was done.

6. In

6. In friendſhip they walk'd,
In harmony talk'd,
And never by envy or paſſion were baulk'd.

7. In Eden's fair bow'rs,
They ſpent their ſweet hours,
No jealouſy knew they, which true love devours.

8. All pleaſure, no pain
Within them did reign,
Till ſinning their glory and beauty did ſtain.

9. The air was all love,
Which ſtream'd from above;
And in that ſweet channel our parents did move.

10. But ſinning, alas,
Has alter'd the caſe,
And ruin'd, and ruin'd, and ruin'd our race.

11. Now thoſe who are join'd
Are often unkind,
Unconſtant, and cruel, and falſe as the wind.

12. Nay often far worſe,
Each other they curſe;
Let this be a warning, a warning to us.

13. But ſome few there are,
Eſcaping the ſnare,
Live always together unclouded and fair.

14. Thrice happy are they,
Who find out the way,
And never from friendſhip or happineſs ſtray.

Man. 15. "Thus let us agree,
"I ſay unto thee,
"And always be loving, fixt, pleaſant and free.

Woman.

Woman. 16. "Moſt freely I join,
"This wiſh ſhall be mine,
"And to the performance my heart doth incline.

17. O Jeſus reſtore
True friendſhip once more,
Then ſinging thy praiſes our ſouls ſhall adore.

18. And while we thus join
In worſhip divine,
The glory and honour and praiſe ſhall be thine,

HYMN VI. *ANOTHER.*

1. WHEN the Saviour good and gracious,
Taber nacled here below,
He in preſence grac'd a wedding,
His divinity did ſhow:
All moſt lovely, all moſt lovely, all moſt lovely,
Chriſt the Lord did then appear.

2. What a favour then was granted
By the Lord of earth and heav'n!
To the gueſts that were invited
Precious wine was freely giv'n:
Then tranſmuted, then tranſmuted, then tranſmuted,
From the water for their uſe.

3. Free from all intoxication,
From all fumes and from the curſe,
Was the wine that Jeſus gave them,
He diſplay'd his glory thus;
All ſat wond'ring, all ſat wond'ring, all ſat wond'ring,
At the miracle he wrought.

4. Jeſus, Saviour, we invite thee
Now to grant thy preſence here;
May we find at this our wedding

Our

5. His grace it ſhall ſufficient be
To ſave my ſoul from ev'ry ſnare;
And bring me home his face to ſee,
Where I his praiſes ſhall declare.

6. Then ſhall I ſee the tyrants ſlain
Before my bleſſed Saviour's face;
Who would not have my Lord to reign,
And I ſhall ſing free grace, free grace.

HYMN IX. Chriſt is better than all things.

1. QUIT all theſe fooliſh trifling toys;
Theſe things that are but vain;
This world is full of empty noiſe,
And ſorrow, toil and pain.

2. But here is more ſubſtantial good,
To fill and chear thy mind;
A better treaſure than the food
Which thou art inclin'd.

3. O hold here's pure and perfect joys,
Of toil and pain,
Who ſent but never cloy;
Our ſo neſt gain.

2. My heart riſt my Lord is found
Who gave hi ;
That he our ſouls from his wounds
O praiſe him with

ſtream

3. The boundleſs love of G
We cannot comprehend;
Tho' we to it eternally
Shall conſtantly attend.

4. The fountain's large, the ocean's wide,
Who can the fulneſs know?

Rivers

7. Methinks my tongue can ne'er expreſs
The pleaſure I behold;
I'm loſt, and cry O fathomleſs!
It never can be told.

HYMN X. A prayer to God that he would help his church.

1. LORD, bring thy church out of diſtreſs,
Redeem her from the wilderneſs,
Save her from all her troubles, Lord,
And ſaving health to her afford.

2. How long ſhall thy poor mourning bride
Be toſt and tempted ev'ry ſide,
And ſeek in vain for kind relief,
While ſhe's oppreſs'd and fill'd with grief?

3. Her foes reproach her conſtantly,
While in deriſion ſhe doth lie:
"Where is your God (they now do ſay)
"In whom you boaſted all the day?

4. So Zion mourns her widow'd ſtate;
Behold, ſays ſhe, my ſorrow's great!
For he that ſhould my helper be,
My comforter, is far from me!

5. Behold, O Lord, the rage of thoſe
That do thy glorious cauſe oppoſe;
That make their brags of us, and ſay,
"Ha, how we love to ſee this day!"

6. What wilt thou do for thy great name?
Behold, O Lord, our grief and ſhame,
And ſend us ſuccour ſpeedily,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair and die:

7. O Lord, what will the people ſay,
If thou thy coming doſt delay?
They'll mock and ſay, "Behold they have
"Truſted in God, who will not ſave,"

8.

8. The plowers plow'd upon my back,
And ſay thy promiſe, Lord, is ſlack;
And ſo they do blaſpheme thy name,
And ſport themſelves with ſin and ſhame.

9. Lord while theſe things we do behold,
We're fill'd with grief that can't be told.
'Tis time for thee to work, for they
Make void thy law, Lord, ev'ry day.

10. Return, and let thy children know
That thou regardeſt their great wo,
And let the foes of Zion ſee
Thou ſav'ſt the ſouls that truſt in thee.

HYMN XI. Anſwer to the foregoing petition.

1. METhinks I hear my Saviour's voice,
Which makes my heart and ſoul rejoice.
I march along, and my decrees
Fulfilling are, juſt as I pleaſe.

2. My coming maketh no delay;
Watch for my coming, watch and pray.
Behold the ſigns, I'm at the door;
Watch, keep your garments clean, therefore.

3. Surely I come, and my reward
I bring with me, ſaith Chriſt the Lord:
I quickly come, wait patiently;
My coming ſurely doth draw nigh.

4. Hold faſt what thou of me receiv'd,
Knowing in whom thou haſt believ'd.
I am not ſlack, nor will I fail,
Nor ſhall my enemies prevail.

5. God will avenge his choſen ones,
And he will ſave his fav'rite ſons,
Which unto him cry night and day;
He will them ſave, without delay.

6. I come, I come, to do my will,
And all my pleasure to fulfil.
I come to set my children free,
And take them all to dwell with me.

HYMN XII. An exhortation to prayer.

1. COME, let us join for to adore
The sacred one in three;
The Lord has grace laid up in store,
For those that needy be.

2. Come let us now address his throne.
And seek his face by pray'r;
For in the lord is help alone,
For those that helpless are.

3 Upon the Lord your God rely,
And trust his gracious word;
Salvation is for ever nigh
The souls that fear the Lord.

4. Then why will ye now disobey,
And make a wretched choice?
Behold the Lord doth call, and say,
Come hearken to my voice.

5. Come and buy wine and milk of me,
Ye that no money have;
The b ood of Christ is ever free,
Your souls to cleanse and save.

6. The king no dowry doth require,
But that you would him give
Your heart is all he doth require;
Hear, and your souls shall live.

7. Now

7. Now to my ſoul I ſpeak and ſay,
Receive the promis'd grace;
Come ſeek the Lord your God to day,
And you ſhall ſee his face.

8. Why wilt thou any more refuſe
His voice for to obey,
His patience longer to abuſe,
And grieve him by delay.

9. O come, dear Lord, and make us feel
The grace of love divine,
And it ſhall our diſeaſes heal.
O Lord, the pow'r is thine.

HYMN XIII. To be with Chriſt, for me is far better. Phil. i. 23.

IF all the globe belong'd to me,
Both lands and ſeas, from eaſt to weſt,
Yet, Lord, my ſoul would thirſt for thee,
Becauſe "to be with Chriſt is beſt."

2. Should honour court me with her charms,
Or kings invite me as a gueſt,
Or pleaſure call me to her arms,
Yet ſtill "to be with Chriſt is beſt."

3. Should gold, and ſilk, and diamonds bright,
By ſons of art be made my veſt,
All would be nothing in my ſight;
"To be with Chriſt would far be beſt."

4. Or ſhould I ſo exalted be,
That all to me ſhould make requeſt;
It would be better far for me
"To be with Chriſt, for that is beſt."

5. Should

5. Should friends and kindred, with their claims,
A thoufand lovely things fuggeſt,
Or call me by the deareſt names,
I'd ſay, " To be with Chriſt is beſt."

6. Should I be lov'd by all ſo well,
That I ſhould be by all careſs'd ;
My ſoul doth know, in Heav'n to dwell,
" And be with Jeſus Chriſt is beſt."

7. Or ſhould the ſons and heirs of heav'n
Seek to detain me from his breaſt ;
To them this anſwer ſhould be giv'n,
" To be with Chriſt the Lord is beſt."

8. Should all the race of Adam join
To make this world my ſettled reſt,
And to regard me ſhould combine,
" To be with Chriſt for me is beſt."

9. Were nature's goods combin'd in one,
Peace, health, and competence poſſeſs'd,
And all the joys below the ſun,
" For me to be with Chriſt is beſt."

10. Muſic and friendſhip ſurely have
The ſweeteſt charms, as 'tis confeſs'd,
Th ſe in perfection I would crave ;
But, oh, " to be with Chriſt is beſt."

11. Should earth's united joys conſpire
To make me here entirely bleſt ;
Yet ſuch is my intenſe deſire,
I'd ſay, " To be with Chriſt is beſt."

12. Or might I ſee the world in peace,
And have no troubles to moleſt,
All wars and ſtrifes for ever ceaſe,
" To be with Chriſt would then be beſt."

13. Or might I see religion reign,
The gospel ev'ry where profess'd;
This most would tempt me to remain,
But then "to be with Christ is best."

14. Well may I say when mortals frown,
When friends forsake, and I'm oppress,
When evils rise, and good falls down,
"To be with Christ is far the best."

15. Well may I say, when I'm bereav'd
Of kindred near, by death's arrest,
And by false brethren oft deceiv'd,
"To be with Jesus Christ is best."

16 When trouble, shame and wants abound,
And I'm on ev'ry side distrest,
And still with foes begirt around;
I say, "To be with Christ is best."

17. When war and bloodshed fills the earth,
I long in heav'n to build my nest;
When I have mourning for my mirth,
I'm sure "to be with Christ is best."

18. When I on earth can find no place,
And am in weeds of sorrow dress,
And meet reproach, contempt, disgrace,
No doubt "to be with Christ is best."

19. Thus whether joy or grief prevails,
This ev'ry Christian may attest,
As such a truth that never fails,
"To be with Christ in Heav'n is best."

20. Why since this world's a place of wo,
Where ev'ry virtue is suppress,
Should we not long from hence to go,
And be with Christ, which far is best?

21. Lord

21. Lord grant while I on earth do ſtay,
This truth on me may be impreſt,
" That let my ſtate be what it may,
" To be with Chriſt for me is beſt."

22. There's ſomething wrought within my ſoul,
(Tho' much borne down, with ſin depreſt)
That ſeeks the land where pleaſures roll,
And ſays, " To be with Chriſt is beſt."

HYMN XIV. An exhortation to praiſe God and a deſire to be filled with his Fulneſs.

1. SING to the Lord and bleſs his name,
The God that built the ſky;
Truſt not in men of mighty fame;
But on your God rely.

2. Unto our God let us give praiſe,
Becauſe it is his due,
And to his name now let us raiſe
Songs of thankſgiving too.

3. Exalt the Lord your God to day;
Come let us all unite
His lovely voice for to obey
With pleaſure and delight.

4. Oh may we feaſt upon that bread,
Which if a man ſhall eat,
He ſhall not die. May we be fed
With this reviving meat!

5. O may we drink the richeſt wine
Which is our Saviour's blood,
And may we feaſt on things divine,
O thou moſt bleſſed God.

6. Come

6. Come, warm our hearts with ſacred fire,
Which is eternal love,
Take our affections and deſires,
Fix them on things above.

7. O may we join the heav'nly hoſt,
Loud praiſes for to ſing
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Upon the higheſt ſtring.

8. Come join upon the higheſt key,
God's name for to adore;
To God on high all glory be,
Now and for evermore.

HYMN XV. Aſſurance of Heaven makes the Soul willing to depart, and be with Chriſt.

1. WELL, let this earthly houſe decay,
This tabernacle ceaſe,
This our abode muſt paſs away,
And utterly decreaſe.

2. But Chriſt our Lord another ſhews,
An heav'nly building ſtands,
Our ſouls have got ſome certain views
Of the new Canaan's lands.

3 Yonder on heav'ns eternal hill,
We know that we may ſay
We have an houſe, where we ſhall dwell,
That never will decay.

4. Could we but climb and view the land,
And keep the ſame in ſight,
Lord, we ſhould long for thy command
To quit this vale of night.

5. For-

5. Jordan's cold ſtreams, and death's dark ſhade,
Would all be out of mind,
While in this heav'nly frame we ſtaid
No terror ſhould we find.

6. Then we ſhould long to bid farewell
To all this earthly ſtore,
And go with Chriſt the Lord to dwell
In pleaſures evermore.

7. 'Twould make us ſtrive our race to run,
The prize for to obtain,
And wiſh to have our moments done,
For to poſſeſs our gain.

8. Then we ſhould thirſt, and pant, and long
To quit this mortal clay,
And go and join the happy throng,
In the bright realms of day.

9. 'Twould make us ſtrive to run our race,
And all our work fulfil,
That we might quit this mournful place.
And land at Zion's hill.

HYMN XVI. An hymn to be ſung at Baptiſm.

1. IT is a very pleaſant thing
To follow Chriſt our Lord;
And thus obey our heav'nly king
According to his word.

2. Down to the water ſide we go,
As Chriſt our Saviour did,
Into the ſame we come alſo,
As Jeſus doth us bid.

3. Sa-

3. Saviour, we bleſs thy wondrous name,
For this example ſhown;
We love to imitate the ſame,
Which thou, oh Lord, doſt own.

4. We are baptis'd as Jeſus was,
His eaſy yoke we bear,
And we are thus baptis'd, becauſe
That we Chriſt's ſervants are.

5. May we unto thy glory live,
O Lord teach us thy ways
To us thy holy ſpirit give,
And we thy name ſhall praiſe.

6. As we thy holy name profeſs,
May we our moments ſpend
In ways of truth and righteouſneſs,
Until our time ſhall end.

HYMN XVII. Another.

1. SING to our Saviour's name
Eternal ſongs of praiſe;
His pow'r and love, and grace proclaim,
In all the notes you raiſe.

2. Behold a pleaſant ſight
Before our wond'ring eyes,
Behold this ſacred awful rite,
Which many do deſpiſe.

3. See in the very mode
What wonders do appear,
Chriſt's death and reſurrection ſhow'd,
And we behold them here.

4. We very plainly ſhew,
When plung'd beneath the wave,
That Chriſt was dead, and bury'd too,
Inclos'd within the grave.

5. And when we do appear
To come from where we've lain,
It is an emblem very clear
That Jeſus roſe again.

6. O happy man indeed!
Who doth his Lord obey,
The Lord to him will ſend good ſpeed,
In this moſt bleſſed way.

7. Our ſouls rejoice to ſee
This ordinance divine,
And to behold men follow thee,
Whom thou doſt ſo incline.

8. O Lord our hearts rejoice
To ſee thy name ador'd;
We love to hear thy people's voice
Cry Glory to the Lord.

HYMN XVIII.

1. AMEN, the holy angels cry,
Thus far O Lord thy will is done!
Amen thy ſaints on earth rep y,
Thy glorious work is now begun.

2. The joy is great, when we can ſee
Thy juſt commands, O Lord, obey'd,
When ſouls from ſin are turn'd to thee,
And are obedient children made.

3. We

3 We bleſs the Father and the Son,
We bleſs the Holy Ghoſt likewiſe;
We praiſe the ſacred three in one,
Who made our ſouls from ſin to riſe.

4. Thy ſacred precepts we receive,
O LORD we bleſs thy holy name,
That thou ſhould ever give us leave
And charge us to obey the ſame.

5. It is an honour to obey
Thy great commands before all men;
So we have trod the wat'ry way,
For in the water CHRIST hath been.

6. This ordinance O Lord we keep,
According to thy wiſe deſign;
Lord may we walk among thy ſheep;
We ſeek no other fold but thine.

7. LORD guide us by thy counſel here,
Till we this gloomy vale have paſt;
Save us from ſin ſave us from fear,
And bring us to thyſelf at laſt.

HYMN XIX. A Song of Praiſe for the Holy Ghoſt.

MY ſoul doth magnify the Lord,
My ſpirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour, and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joys,
I have a feaſt at home;
My ſighs are turned into ſongs,
The comforter is come.

3 Down from above the bleſſed dove,
Is come into my breaſt,
To witneſs God's eternal love;
This is my heav'nly feaſt.

4 This makes me Aba Father cry,
With confidence of ſoul;
This makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
And that without controul.

5 There is a ſtream that iſſues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living ſtream,
Clear as the cryſtal Stone:

6 The ſtream doth water Paradiſe,
It makes the angels ſing;
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do ſpring;

7 Such joys as are unſpeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8 Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd
What thou Lord haſt laid up for thine,
And haſt to me reveal'd.

9 I ſee thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taſte thy ſweeteſt love;
My ſoul doth leap, but Oh, for wings;
The wings of Noah's dove.

10 Then would I fly far hence away,
Leaving this world of ſin;
Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then would my ſoul with angels feaſt,
On joys which always laſt;
Bleſt be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taſte.

HYMN XX. A Prayer for perſons joined in fellowſhip.

TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground
Of every ſinful heart,
Whate'er of ſin in us is found
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs,

But

But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve,
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee the living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride,
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the sanctify'd.

HYMN XXI.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake every heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r, Sing

Sing how he intercedes above,
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Aſcending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners ſing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Chriſt th' eternal King.

5 Sing till you hear Chriſt ſay,
Your ſins are all forgiv'n;
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
Till we all meet in Heav'n.

6 Soon ſhall ye hear Chriſt ſay,
"Ye bleſſed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

HYMN XXII.

SAW ye not the cloud ariſe,
Little as an human hand?
Now it ſpreads along the ſkies,
Hangs o'er all the thirſty land. Lo!

Lo! the promiſe of a ſhow'r
Drops already from above,
But the Lord ſhall ſhortly pour
All the ſpirit of his love.

2 Sons of God your Saviour praiſe,
He a door hath open'd wide
He hath giv'n the word of grace,
Jeſu's word is glorify'd:
Jeſus mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought,
Worthy is the work of him,
Who all things to being brought.

3 When he firſt the work begun
Small and feeble was his day,
Now the word does ſwiftly run,
Now it ſpreads its glorious way;
More and more it ſhines and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's ſtrong holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

HYMN XXIII.

A Song of Praiſe for the Goſpel.

BLEST be my God that I was born
To hear the goſpel ſound;
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
And bred on holy ground:

2. That I was bred where God appears
With tokens of his grace;
The lines are fallen unto me
In a moſt pleaſant place.

3. I might have been a Pagan bred,
Or elſe a veiled Jew,
Or cheated with the Al Koran
Amongſt the Turkiſh crew.

4. So in a dungeon dark as night
I might have ſpent my days;
But thou haſt ſent me goſpel light,
To thine eternal praiſe.

5 The ſun that roſe up in the eaſt,
And drove the ſhades away,
Its healing wings have reach'd the weſt,
And turn'd the night to day.

6. Bleſt be my God for what I ſee,
My God for what I hear,
I hear ſuch bleſſed news from Heav'n
Not earth nor hell I fear.

7. I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die,
My Lord for me did riſe again,
And did aſcend on high;

8. On high he ſtands to plead my cauſe,
And will return again,
And ſet me on a glorious throne,
And I with him ſhall reign.

HYMN XXIV.

Light Shining out of Darkneſs.

GOD moves in a myſterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3. Ye fearful ſaints freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5. His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour,

The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

6. Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN XXV. Invitation:

COME ye ſinners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded ſick and ſore,
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and buy.

3 Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream:
All the fitneſs he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirits glimm'ring beam.

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruiſ'd and mangled by the fall, If

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd,"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and Angels join'd in concert
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of Heaven
Sweetly eccho with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN XXVI.

LORD help us on thy love to feed;
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou in every time of need,
Our refuge and defence.

2 We now desire to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record

And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

HYMN XXVII.

ARise, my tend'rest thoughts arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes!
And thou my heart with anguish feel,
Those evils which thou can'st not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame!
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name!
The Father wounded through the Son!
The world abus'd, the soul undone!

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in long and dreadful night!
In flames that no abatement know,
The briny tears for ages flow.

4 My God I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame,

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYMN XXVIII. The Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet blow,
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound, The

The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The all atoning Lamb;
Redemption thro' his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

3 Ye, who have ſold for nought,
Your heritage above;
Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſu's love:
The year &c.

4 The goſpel trumpet ſounds;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remoteſt bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year &c.

HYMN XXIX.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.

2 'Tis Jeſus the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe ſpirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

HYMN XXX.

1. DESERTERS, to the Camp return,
Resume your former Poſt,
Bewail your Crimes, your Baſeneſs mourn;
For yet Ye are not loſt.

2. Your's is a ſad, a dang'rous Caſe,
Be humble, and repent;
Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er ſo baſe,
The Moment you relent.

3. Sinners are ſav'd by *Jeſu*'s Blood,
How vile ſo e'er they be;
Eternal Life's the Gift of *God*;
And Gifts are always free.

4. 'Tis not by Works of Righteouſneſs,
Which any Man has done;
But *God* has ſent his Son to bleſs;
Return, and kiſs the Son.

HYMN XXXI.

Death.

1. VAIN Man thy fond Purſuits forbear;
Repent; thy End is nigh,
Death at the fartheſt can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die!

2. Reflect, thou haſt a Soul to ſave,
Thy Sins how high they mount!
What are thy Hopes beyond the Grave?
How ſtands that dark account?

3. Death enters, and there's no Defence,
His Time there's none can tell,
He'll in a Moment call thee hence,
To Heaven or to Hell.

4. Thy Flesh, perhaps thy chiefest Care,
Shall crawling Worms consume,
But ah, Destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the Tomb!

5. To Day, the Gospel calls, to Day:
Sinners, it speaks to You;
Let ev'ry one forsake his Way,
And Mercy will ensue.

6. Rich Mercy, dearly bought with Blood,
How vile soe'er he be,
Abundant Pardon, Peace with *God*;
All giv'n entirely free.

HYMN XXXII.

Before preaching.

1. ONCE more we come before our *God*,
Once more his Blessing ask;
Oh, may not Duty seem a Load!
Nor worship prove a Task.

2. Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From Heav'n, in *Jesu's* Name,
To make our waiting Minds attend,
And put our Souls in Frame.

3. May we receive the Word we hear,
Each in an honest Heart;
Hoard up the precious Treasure there,
And never with it part.

4. To

4. To seek thee all our Hearts dispose,
To each thy Blessings suit.
And let the Seed thy Servant sows
Produce a copious Fruit,

5. Bid the refreshing North Wind wake;
Say to the South Wind, Blow;
Let ev'ry Plant the Pow'r partake,
And all the Garden grow.

6. Revive the parch'd with heav'nly Show'rs,
The cold with Warmth divine;
And as the Benefit is ours,
Be all the Glory thine.

HYMN XXXIII.

For he shall not speak of himself.

1. WHatever prompts the Soul to Pride,
Or gives us Room to boast
(Except in *Jesus* crucify'd)
Is not the *Holy Ghost*.

2. That blessed Spir't omits to speak
Of what himself has done,
And bids th' enlighten'd Sinner seek
Salvation in the Son.

3. He seldom moves a Man to say,
"Thank God, I'm made so good;"
But turns his Eye another Way,
To *Jesus* and his Blood.

4. Great are the Graces he confers,
But all in *Jesu*'s Name;
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
"*Salvation to the Lamb.*"

HYMN XXXIV.

The young Lions do lack, and ſuffer Hunger, but they that ſeek the *Lord* ſhall not want any Good. Pſalm xxxiv. 10.

1. YE Lambs of *Chriſt*'s Fold,
Ye Weaklings in Faith,
Who long to lay hold
On Life by his Death;
Who fain would believe him,
And in your beſt Room
Would gladly receive him,
But fear to preſume.

2. Remember one Thing:
(O! may it ſink deep)
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for his Sheep.
To truſt him endeavour;
The Work is his own;
He makes the Believer,
And gives him his Crown.

3. Thoſe feeble Deſires,
Thoſe Wiſhes ſo weak,
'Tis *Jeſus* inſpires,
And bid you ſtill ſeek.
His Spirit will cheriſh
The Life he firſt gave:
You never ſhall periſh,
If *Jeſus* can ſave.

4. Proud Lions that boaſt,
When luſty and young,
Soon find to their Coſt,
Self Confidence wrong:

Tormented

Tormented with Hunger,
They feel their Strength vain;
For Famine is ſtronger,
And gnaws them with Pain.

5. But Lambs are preſerv'd,
Tho' helpleſs in kind;
When Lions are ſtarv'd,
They Nouriſhment find.
Their Shepherd upholds them,
When faint in his Arms,
And feeds them, and folds them,
And guards them from Harms.

6. Tho' ſometimes we ſee
The Caſe is not thus;
Bad Shepherds will flee;
Yet what's that to us?
The Shepherd who choſe us
Muſt ſurely be good;
Who rather than loſe us
Would ſhed his Heart's Blood.

7. Bleſt Soul, that can ſay,
"*Chriſt* only I ſeek;"
Wait for him alway;
Be conſtant, tho' weak.
The *Lord*, whom thou ſeekeſt,
Will not tarry long,
And to him the weakeſt
Is dear as the ſtrong.

HYMN XXXV.

Free Grace.

1. YE Children of *God*,
By Faith in his Son,
Redeem'd by his Blood,
And with him made one,
This Union with Wonder
And Rapture be seen;
Which nothing shall sunder,
Without or within.

2. This Pardon, this Peace,
Which none can destroy,
This Treasure of Grace,
This heavenly Joy,
The Worthiest may crave it,
It always comes free;
The vilest may have it,
'Twas given to *me*.

3. 'Tis not for good Deeds,
Good Tempers, nor Frames;
From Grace it proceeds,
And all is the Lamb's.
No Goodness, no Fitness,
Expects he from us;
This I can well witness;
For none could be worse.

4. Sick Sinner expect
No Balm but *Christ*'s Blood:
Thy own Works reject,
The Bad, and the Good.
None ever miscarry
That on him rely,
Tho' filthy as *Mary* *,
Manasseh, or *I*.

* *Mary Magdalene.*

HYMN XXXVI.

Hitherto hath the Lord *helped us.* I. Sam. vii. 12.

1. THO' ſtrait be the Way,
With Dangers beſet;
And we thro' Delay
Are no farther yet;
Our good Guide and Saviour
Hath helped thus far;
And 'tis by his Favour
We are what we are.

2. A Favour ſo great,
We highly ſhould prize;
Nor murmur, nor fret,
Nor ſmall Things deſpiſe.
But what call we ſmall Things?
Sin's whole cancell'd Sum;
'Tis greater than all Things—
Except thoſe to come.

3. My Brethren reflect
On what we have been;
How God had Reſpect
To us under Sin.
When lower and lower
We ev'ry Day fell,
He ſtretch'd forth his Power,
And ſnatch'd us from Hell.

4. Then let us rejoice,
And chearfully ſing,
With Heart, and with Voice,
To *Jeſus* our King;
Who thus far has brought us
From Evil to Good;
The Ranſom that bought us,
No leſs than his Blood.

5. For Bleſſings like theſe
So bountrouſly giv'n,
For Proſpects of Peace,
And Foretaſtes of Heav'n;
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleaſant,
To ſing and adore;
Be thankful for preſent,
And then aſk for more.

HYMN XXXVII.

The Fountain of Chriſt.

Zech. xiii, 1.

1. THE Fountain of *Chriſt*
Aſſiſt me to ſing,
The Blood of our Prieſt,
Our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanſes
From Sin, and from Filth;
And richly diſpenſes
Salvation and Health.

2. This Fountain ſo dear
He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the Spear,
It guſh'd from his Heart,
With Blood, and with Water,
The firſt to atone,
To cleanſe us the latter,
The Fountain's but One.

3. This Fountain is ſuch
(As thouſands can tell)
The Moment we touch
It's Streams, we are well.

All Waters beſide them
Are full of the Curſe;
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worſe.

4. This Fountain, ſick Soul,
Recovers thee quite;
Bathe here, and be whole;
Waſh here and be white;
Whatever Diſeaſes
Or Dangers befal,
The Fountain of *Jeſus*
Will rid thee of all.

5. This Fountain from Guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as felt,
Infallible Cure;
But if Guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its Pow'r may be proved
Again, and again.

6. This Fountain unſeal'd,
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The Great and the Small:
Here's Strength for the Weakly,
That hither are led;
Here's Health for the Sickly;
Here's Life for the Dead.

7. This Fountain tho' rich,
From Charge is quite clear;
The poorer the Wretch
The welcomer here;
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathſome and bare;
You can't come too filthy,
Come juſt as you are.

8. This

8. This Fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all Stain
Whenever apply'd;
The Water flows ſweetly
With Virtue divine,
To cleanſe Souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

HYMN XXXVIII.

For thine is the kingdom, &c. Mat. vi. 13.

1. YE Souls that are weak
And helpleſs, and poor,
Who know not to ſpeak,
Much leſs to do more,
Lo here's a Foundation
For Comfort and Peace.
In *Chriſt* is Salvation,
The kingdom is *His*.

2. With Power he rules;
And Wonders performs;
Gives Conduct to Fools,
And Courage to Worms,
Beſet by ſore Evils
Without, and within,
By Legions of Devils,
And Mountains of Sin.

3. Then be not afraid;
All Power is giv'n
To *Jeſus* our Head,
In Earth, and in Heav'n.

Thro'

Thro' him we ſhall conquer
The mightieſt Foes;
Our Captain is Stronger
Than all that oppoſe.

4. His Pow'r from above
He'll freely impart;
So free is his Love!
So tender his Heart!
Redeem'd with his Merit,
We're waſh'd in his Blood;
Renew'd by his Spirit,
We've Power with God.

5. Thy Grace we adore,
Director divine,
The Kingdom, and Pow'r,
And Glory, are thine.
Preſerve us from running
On Rocks or on Shelves;
From Foes ſtrong and cunning;
And moſt from ourſelves.

6. Reign o'er us as King;
Accompliſh thy Will;
And pow'rfully bring
Us forth from all Ill;
Till falling before thee
We laud thy lov'd Name,
Aſcribing the Glory
To *God* and the *Lamb*.

DOXOLOGY.

GIVE Glory to *God*,
Ye Children of Men;
And publiſh abroad,
Again and again,
The Son's glorious Merit,
The Father's free Grace,
The Gifts of the Spirit,
To *Adam*'s loſt Race.

HYMN XXXIX.

Chriſt a ſure Guide.

1. GUIDE me, oh thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren Land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful Hand;
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the cryſtal Fountain
Whence the healing Streams do flow,
Let the fi'ry cloudy Pillar
Lead me all my Journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou ſtill my Strength and Shield.

3. When I tread the Verge of *Jordan*,
Bid my anxious Fear ſubſide;
Death of Death, and Hell's Deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's Side.
Songs of Praiſes, Songs of Praiſes,
I will ever give to Thee.

HYMN

HYMN XL.

1. MOurning, and drooping, here I lie
Upon this earthly Clod,
While heav'nly Things invite my Eye,
And bring me to my God.

2. Tranſported with a glorious View
Of God's eternal Love,
Unto this World I bid adieu,
And long to be above.

3. There all the Saints in Harmony
Do ſtand forevermore,
And to a vaſt Eternity
Their glorious Lord adore.

4. Hark! Hark! Methinks I hear the Sound;
Methinks the Angels ſing;
The glorious Melody goes round,
Which makes the Heav'ns to ring.

5. The Saints above do ſing a Song
(In a melodious Strain)
Which doth to God alone belong,
And to the Lamb once ſlain.

6. Wonder, and Love, and Joy, and Praiſe,
Fill all their happy Souls,
While the vaſt Flood of ſov'reign Grace
Through all the Region rolls.

7. The Saints all cloth'd in white Array,
Their Saviour's Praiſe declare;
Through the bright Realms of endleſs Day,
There's not one Mourner there.

8. But oh, the Glory of the Place,
No mortal Tongue can tell!
Where they behold their Saviour's Face,
And in his Presence dwell.

9. Oh, how they each perform their Parts,
Thro' all the happy Train!
This glorious Song inspires their Hearts,
Worthy the Lamb, once slain!

10. Amen, they cry, amen, amen,
Thy Ways oh God are true;
Blessing, and Glory, Wisdom, and
Thanksgiving is thy Due.

11. Honor, and Pow'r, and endless Might,
Be giv'n to thee, oh Lord!
In this sweet Song they all unite,
And sing with one Accord.

12. Oh, how the bending Seraphs join
To praise the God above!
While all the Saints, in Notes divine,
Do sing redeeming Love.

13. Worthy, oh Lord, worthy art thou
To wear the glorious Crown;
So all the Saints in Glory bow,
And cast their Di'dems down.

14. The Song eternally goes round,
To him that made the Sky.
I'm lost, I'm lost, to view the Bound
Of vast Eternity.

15. When there have past more Million Years
Than Sands upon the Shore;
The Saints above will have no Fears
That the blest Space is o'er.

16. If

16. If all the Drops in Oceans wide
Were to be number'd o'er,
And then by Millions multiply'd,
And twice as many more;

17. And then as many Years should pass
As Water Drops in all;
Or Grains of Sand, or Spires of Grass,
Upon this earthly Ball.

18. Then add as many Millions more
As Stars that fill the Sky;
Then all that number doubled o'er
Can't mete Eternity.

19. Eternity will still remain;
'Twill be Eternity.
The Song to God the THREE IN ONE
Will last eternally.

20. Who can describe the Blessedness
Of Pleasures ever new?
I long the Glory to possess,
And bid all Sin adieu.

21. Farewell my Friends, I long to go;
Adieu Death, Sorrow, Pain,
Adieu to Fears, adieu to Woe;
And Welcome endless Gain.

22. Oh, how my Soul doth long to quit
This Earth, and soar away!
Oh *Jesus*, if it is most fit,
Let not thy Chariot stay.

23. Come take my longing Spirit up,
To dwell with thee above;
I long with Thee, my Lord, to sup,
On everlasting Love.

24. The Time ſeems long till Thou doſt bring
My Soul unto that Place,
Where I thy Praiſe ſhall ever ſing,
And reſt in thine Embrace.

HYMN XLI.

1. DEAR Saviour here I panting lie,
And long to ſee thy Face;
Oh, *Lord* I pray, do not deny
The Viſits of thy Grace.

2. How long ſhall that bright Hour delay!
When will my *Lord* appear?
I long to ſee the happy Day
When *Jeſus* will draw near.

3. Oh, how I ſtretch to take my Flight!
My Soul is on the Wing;
I long to ſee my Heart's Delight;
And be with *Chriſt* my King.

4. Dear Saviour come, ſweet *Jeſus* come,
I long to hear thy Voice;
Jeſus ride on, thy Power aſſume,
And make thy Saints rejoice.

5. I long to hear the Trumpet ſound,
And ſee the Saints ariſe,
I long to ſee my Saviour crown'd,
And bow his Enemies.

6. Moſt glorious King I love thy Name,
I long for to adore,
I long to ſound thy glorious Fame
Upon the bliſsful Shore.

7. I can't my Heart's Desires express;
Jesus thou art my all:
My Soul desires no Happiness
But at thy Feet to fall.

8. Oh let my Soul absorbed be,
While God doth me surround,
As a small Drop in the vast Sea
Is lost, and can't be found,

9. I long thy coming to behold;
Then shall thy Saints adore.
My ardent Longings can't be told;
So I can say no more.

HYMN XLII.

1. WHEN *Christ* shall rend from End to End
The Regions of the Air,
And split the Skies in twain likewise,
Then he'll himself appear.

2. Then he'll appear a drawing near
With Armies broad and long;
In Rank and File, ten thousand Mile,
Then we shall see the Throng.

3. Then he will tell the Arch Angel,
To blow the Trumpet loud,
That all may hear, both far and near;
Oh, then you'll see the Crowd.

4. Then he will call, both great and small,
The Beggar, Prince, and Drudge;
The high, the low, the poor also,
To come before their Judge.

5. The Sheep ſhall ſtand at *Chriſt*'s right Hand,
But Goats at his left Side;
All ſhall appear, from far and near,
To have their Cauſes try'd.

6. Then he will ſay, Depart away,
Ye Goats go down to dwell
With the Devil and his Angels,
In a prepared Hell.

7. But to the reſt, "Come up ye bleſt,
(The Saviour he will ſay)
"Come dwell above, and reſt in *Love*,
"To one eternal Day.

8. "When you've been there ten thouſand Year,
"Bright ſhining like the Sun,
"You've no leſs Days to ſing *God*'s Praiſe
"Than when you firſt begun.

9. "Thoſe Robes you wear, ſo bright, and fair,
"Which dazzle like the Sun,
"I've kept above, wrapt up in Love;
"Angels ne'er had them on.

10. "But know my Bride, had I not dy'd,
"You muſt have naked gone;
"They're made for you, I know they'll do,
"For I have try'd them on.

11. "Now who are they that dare to ſay,
"I've been too kind to theſe?
"A Right I have to damn or ſave,
"Or do juſt what I pleaſe."

12. *Jeſus*

12. *Jesus* I thirſt, and go I muſt,
I long to be above;
I long to ſing, and praiſe my King,
Where Oceans flow with Love.

HYMN XLIII.

1. ZION rejoice, lift up your Voice;
Your Saviour will appear;
The Lamb, once ſlain, will come to reign
With you, a thouſand Years.

2. Satan he'll bind, as you will find,
And *Jeſus* will be King;
The Saints he'll raiſe to ſing his Praiſe,
And Death ſhall loſe his Sting.

3. He's bleſt indeed, that ſhall be freed
From Sin, Hell, and the Grave;
Over that Man Death never can
The leaſt Dominion have.

HYMN XLIV.

A dying Saint's Farewel.

1. DEAR Friends farewel, I go to dwell
With *Jeſus Chriſt*, on high;
There for to ſing Praiſe to my King
To all Eternity.

2. While

2. While I've been here you have been dear,
I've always found you kind;
But now thro' Grace, I quit this Place,
And leave you all behind.

3. Weep not for me, for here you see
My Trials have been great;
But now ('tis true) I bid adieu,
And change my mournful State.

4. 'Twill not be long before the Throng
Will all together be;
And you that know the *Lord*, below,
Shall then your Saviour see.

5. There we shall join in Songs divine,
God's holy Name shall praise;
And view *Christ*'s Smiles, forget the Toils
Of these few evil Days.

6. There we shall stand at *his* right Hand,
And in *his* Presence dwell;
And *him* adore, forevermore,
So Brethren, now farewel.

HYMN XLV.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

1. AH! lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is so fair;
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead Body compare.

2. With ſolemn Delight I ſurvey
The Corps, when the Spirit is fled,
In Love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in *his* ſtead.

3. How bleſt is our *Brother*, bereft
Of all that could burden *his* Mind?
How eaſy the Soul, that hath left
This wearifome Body behind!

4. Of Evil incapable thou,
Whoſe Relicts with Envy I ſee;
No longer in Miſery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

5. This Earth is affected no more
With Sickneſs, or ſhaken with Pain;
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again.

6. No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall redden this innocent Clay:
Extinct is the animal Flame,
And Paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

7. This languiſhing Head is at reſt,
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable Breaſt
Is heav'd by Affliction no more.

8. This Heart is no longer the Seat
Of Trouble and torturing Pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

9. The Lids *he* ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By Sorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal Repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep.

10. The Fountains can yield no Supplies;
These Hollows from Waters are free!
The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
And Evil they never shall see.

11. To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a Prison I breathe;
And still for Deliverance pine,
And press to the Issues of Death.

12. What now with my Tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become,
My Spirit created anew,
My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb!

HYMN XLVI.

Christ the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

1. JESU, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Bosom fly,
While the nearer Waters roll,
While the Tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Sav'our, hide,
Till the Storm of Life is past:
Safe into the Haven guide,
Oh, receive my Soul at last.

2. Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless Soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my Trust on thee is stay'd,
All my Help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

3. Thou

3. Thou, oh *Christ*, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the Fallen, chear the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind,
Just and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteousness!
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

4. Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my Sin;
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my Heart,
Rise to all Eternity.

HYMN XLVII.

Desiring to praise worthily.

1. COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!
Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace!
Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
Call for Songs of loudest Praise;
Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above;
Praise the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging Love!

2. Here I raise mine *Ebenezer*,
Hither by thy Help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good Pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home;

Jesus

Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fo d of *God*,
He to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd *his* precious Blood.

3. Oh, to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that Grace, *Lord*, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Soul to thee!
Prone to wander, *Lord*, I feel it,
Prone to leave the *God* I love——
Here's my Heart—Oh take and seal it!
Seal it for thy Courts above!

4. Oh that Day when freed from sinning!
I shall see thy lovely Face!
Clothed in thy Blood-wash'd Linnen
How I'll sing thy sov'reign Grace!
Come, dear *Lord*, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd Soul away;
Send thine Angels down to carry
Me to Realms of endless Day.

5. If thou ever didst discover
To my Faith the promis'd Land,
Bid me now the Stream pass over,
On the heav'nly Border stand;
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
And to thine Embrace I'll fly;
Speak the Word thou spake to *Moses*;
Bid me, "Get me up, and die."

HYMN XLVIII.

The Great Supper. Luke xiv. 16, 24.

COME, ſinners, to the goſpel feaſt;
Let ev'ry ſoul be JESU's gueſt;
You need not one be left behind,
For GOD hath bidden all mankind.

2. Sent by my LORD, on you I call;
The invitation is to all,
Come, all the world; come, ſinner, thou,
All things in Chriſt are ready now.

3. JESUS to you his fulneſs brings,
A feaſt of marrow and fat things.
All, all, in CHRIST is freely giv'n,
Pardon, and holineſs, and heav'n.

4. Do not begin to make excuſe,
Ah, do not you his grace refuſe;
Your worldly cares and pleaſures leave,
And take what JESUS hath to give.

5. Your grounds forſake, your oxen quit,
Your ev'ry earthly thought forget;
Seek not the comforts of this life,
Nor ſell your Saviour for a wife.

6. "Have me excus'd," why will ye ſay?
Why will ye for damnation pray?
Have you excus'd——*from* joy and peace!
Have you excus'd——*from* happineſs!

7. Excus'd from coming to a feaſt!
Excus'd from being JESU's gueſt!
From knowing *now* your ſins forgiv'n,
From taſting *here* the joys of heav'n!

8. Excus'd, alas! why would you be
From health, and life, and liberty,
From ent'ring into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast!

9. Yet must I, Lord, to thee complain,
The world hath made thy gospel vain;
Too busy or too happy they;
They will not, LORD, thy calls obey.

10. Go then, my angry master said,
Since these on all my mercies tread,
Invite the rich and great no more,
But preach my gospel to the poor.

11. Confer not thou with flesh and blood,
Go quickly forth, invite the crowd;
Search ev'ry lane and ev'ry street,
And bring in all the souls you meet.

12. Come then, ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In CHRIST an hearty welcome find.

13. Sinners my gracious LORD receives,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards and all ye hellish crew,
I have a message now to you:

14. Come, and partake the gospel feast,
Be sav'd from sin, in JESUS rest:
O taste the goodness of our GOD,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.

15. 'Tis done; my all redeeming LORD;
I have gone forth, and preach'd thy word,

The

The ſinners to thy feaſt are come,
And yet, Oh Saviour, there is room.

16. Go then, my LORD again enjoin'd,
And other wand'ring ſinners find;
Go to the hedges and high ways,
And publiſh all my pard'ning grace.

17. The worſt unto my ſupper preſs,
Monſters of daring wickedneſs;
Tell them my grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for me.

18. Tell them their ſins may be forgiv'n,
Tell ev'ry creature under Heav'n,
I dy'd to ſave them from all ſin;
Compel the vagrants to come in.

19. Ye vagrant ſouls to you I call,
(Oh that my voice could reach you all)
Ye may be freely juſtify'd,
Ye all may live, for CHRIST hath dy'd.

20. My meſſage as from GOD receive,
Ye all may come to CHRIST, and live:
Oh let his love your hearts conſtrain,
Nor ſuffer him to call in vain.

21. His love is mighty to compel,
His conqu'ring love conſent to feel;
Yield to his love's ſubduing pow'r,
And fight againſt your GOD no more.

22. See him ſet forth before your eyes
Behold the bleeding ſacrifice!

Make haſte his mercy to embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace.

23. Ye who believe his record true,
Shall ſup with him, and he with you;
Come to the feaſt; be ſav'd from ſin,
For JESUS waits to take you in.

24. This is the time, no more delay,
This is the glorious goſpel day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him, who dy'd for ALL.

HYMN XLIX.

1. OH for a cloſer walk with GOD,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew,
When firſt I ſaw the LORD?
Where is the ſoul refreſhing view
Of JESUS and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet Meſſenger of Reſt!
I hate the ſins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

5. The

5. The dearest Idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with GOD,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the lamb.

HYMN L.

Grand Dieu tes jugemens, &c.

1. THY judgements, great GOD, are equal and just,
Propitious thou art to mortals below;
But for my transgressions and treasons I must
Be doomed to suffer in mis'ry and woe.

2. Yes, Oh my dear GOD, my sins are so high,
So loudly for wrath and punishment call,
Thine int'rest opposes my felicity,
And even thy mercy expects I should fall.

3. Content thy desire, if glorious to thee;
Be angry with tears that flow from my eyes;
Offend not thy justice in pardoning me,
No, rather let vengeance the guilty surprize.

4. For though I should die, the cause I'll adore,
My sins they deserve the threatening stroke;
I'm justly expecting thy thunder to roar,
And punish a rebel who did thee provoke.

5. But

5. But oh, with a turn ſurprizing I cry,
LORD, where ſhall thy wrath and thunder now fall?
For JESUS my Saviour did ſuffer and die,
His blood covers over, and ſhields me from all.

HYMN LI.

1. MY Jeſus he is ALL to me,
Whate'er my ſoul can crave;
A fountain free is Chriſt to me,
That I no want can have.

2. My Jeſus he is ſtrength to me
When I do fainting lie;
He's health in ſickneſs, life in death,
In war he's victory.

3. In famine he is food to me,
In thirſt he's royal wine;
No want can be attending me,
Since Jeſus he is mine.

4. My Jeſus he is light to me
When I in darkneſs go;
Such fulneſs in my Jeſus is
That I no want can know.

5. My Jeſus he is liberty,
When bondage doth oppreſs;
Though I in ſin have reeking been,
My Ch[illegible] is righteouſneſs.

6. When ſorrows compaſs me about
My Chriſt is peace and joy;
When wrath and ſin do rage within,
My Chriſt is victory.

7. When

7. When Satan throws his flaming darts
My Chriſt a hold is ſtrong;
A refuge he is then to me,
And he ſhall be my ſong.

HYMN LII.

1. O Tell me no more
Of this world's vain ſtore;
The time for ſuch trifles with me now is o'er.

2. A country I've found
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

3. The ſouls that believe
In Paradiſe live;
And me in that number will Jeſus receive.

4. My ſoul don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Riſe, follow thy Saviour, and bleſs the glad day!

5. No mortal doth know
What he can beſtow,
What light, ſtrength, and comfort; go after him, go.

6. Lo onward I move,
And (but Chriſt above)
None gueſſes how wond'rous my journey will prove.

7. Great ſpoils I ſhall win
From death, hell and ſin;
'Midſt outward afflictions ſhall feel Chriſt within.

8. Per-

8. Perhaps for his name,
(Poor duſt as I am)
Some works I ſhall finiſh with glad loving aim.

9. I ſtill (which is beſt)
Shall in his dear breaſt,
(As at the beginning) find pardon and reſt.

10. And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jeſus has lov'd me, I cannot ſay why.

11. But this I do find,
We two are ſo join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

12. Lo this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth 'till admitted to ſee my Lord's face.

13. And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may ſhare;
Theſe bleſſings to ſeek them, will none of you dare?

14. In bondage, oh why,
And death will you lie,
When one here aſſures you free grace is ſo nigh?

HYMN LIII.

1. WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erpreſt with guilt and fear,
I meet my maker face to face,
Oh, how ſhall I appear?

2. If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought!

3. When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear!

4. But thou hast told the troubled mind,
That doth her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall future woes prevent.

5. Then hear the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

6. For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only son has dy'd
To seal that pardon sure.

HYMN LIV. *Heaven desirable.*

1. I Long to share the happiness
Of that triumphant throng,
That swim in seas of boundless bliss,
Eternity along.

2 When but in drops here by the way
Free love distils itself,
I pour contempt on hills of prey,
And heaps of worldly pelf.

3. To

3. To me amidſt my little joys,
Thrones, ſceptres, crowns, and kings,
Are nothing elſe but little toys,
And deſpicable things.

4. Down with diſdain earth's pomp I thruſt,
Bid tempting wealth, *Away*;
Heav'n is not made of yellow duſt,
Nor bliſs of glitt'ring clay.

5. Sweet was the hour I freedom felt
To call my JESUS mine,
To ſee his ſmiling face, and melt
In pleaſures all divine.

6. Let fools an heav'n of ſhades purſue,
But I for ſubſtance am;
The heav'n I ſeek, is likeneſs to
And viſion of the Lamb:

7. The Worthy Lamb, with glory crown'd,
In his auguſt abode,
Enthron'd ſublime, and deck'd around
With all the pomp of God.

8. I long to join the ſaints above,
Who, crown'd with glorious bays,
Through radiant files of angels move,
And rival them in praiſe:

9. In praiſe to JAH the GOD of love,
The fair INCARNATE SON,
The holy CO-ETERNAL DOVE,
The good, the great, THREE ONE.

10. In hope to ſing without a ſob,
The anthem ever new,
I gladly bid this duſty globe,
And vain delights, *Adieu*.

HYMN LV.

At the parting of Chriſtian friends.

1. BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in heart.

2. Join'd in one ſpirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go,
And ſtill in JESU's footſteps tread,
And do his work below.

3. O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide;
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd.

4. Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

5. While thus we walk with CHRIST in light,
What ſhall our ſouls disjoin?
Souls which himſelf vouchſafes t' unite
In fellowſhip divine.

6. We all are one who him receive,
And each with each agree;
In him the one, the truth, we live,
Bleſt point of unity.

7. Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The ſame in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

8. But

3. But let us haſten to the day,
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore,
When death ſhall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN LVI.

1. DID our IMMANUEL die for us,
To ſave ſuch poor rebellious men?
Did he diſplay his pity thus,
That we might come to GOD again?

2. All human language wants a name,
For this unfathom'd wond'rous love:
This pure immortal fervent flame,
Sprang *only* from the GOD above.

3. What can we add? Our ſpeech is faint;
We ſink beneath the pond'rous load:
This love no eloquence can paint;
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a GOD!

4. O'erwhelm'd with this abyſs of love,
We ſtand aſtoniſh'd at the grace,
That brought the Saviour from above,
To die for all the fallen race!

5. Did our IMMANUEL die for us?
What more can be by ſounds expreſt?
For ſinners CHRIST was made a curſe;
Eternity muſt tell the reſt.

HYMN

HYMN LVII.

The Work and Contention of HEAVEN.

1. IN heav'nly Choirs a Queſtion roſe,
That ſtirr'd up Strife will never cloſe,
What Rank of all the ranſom'd Race
Owes higheſt Praiſe to ſov'reign Grace?

2. Babes thither caught from Womb and Breaſt,
Claim'd Right to ſing above the Reſt;
Becauſe they found the happy Shore,
They never ſaw nor ſought before.

3. Thoſe that arriv'd at riper Age,
Before they left the duſky Stage,
Thought Grace deſerv'd yet higher Praiſe
That waſh'd the Blots of num'rous Days.

4. Anon, the War more cloſe began,
What praiſing Harp ſhould lead the Van?
And which of Grace's heav'nly Peers
Was deepeſt run in her Arrears?

5 "'Tis I (ſaid one) 'bove all my Race,
"Am Debtor chief to glorious Grace.
"Nay (ſaid another) hark I trow,
"I'm more oblig'd to Grace than you.

6. "Stay, (ſaid a third) I deepeſt ſhare
"In owning Praiſe beyond compare;
"The chief of Sinners you'll allow,
"Muſt be the chief of Singers now.

7. "Hold, (ſaid a fourth) I here proteſt
"My Praiſes muſt outvie the beſt;
"For I'm of all the humane Race
"The higheſt Miracle of Grace.

8. " Stop, (ſaid a fifth) theſe Notes forbear,
" Lo, I'm the greateſt Wonder here;
" For I of all the Race that fell
" Deſerv'd the loweſt Place in Hell.

9. A Soul that higher yet aſpir'd
With equal Love to Jeſus fir'd,
" 'Tis mine to ſing the higheſt Notes
" To Love, that waſh'd the fouleſt Blots.

10. " Ho, (cry'd a Mate) 'tis mine I'll prove,
" Who ſinn'd in Spite of Light and Love,
" To ſound his Praiſe with loudeſt Bell,
" That ſav'd me from the loweſt Hell.

11. Come, come (ſaid one) I'll hold the Plea,
" That higheſt Praiſe is due by me;
" For mine of all the ſav'd by Grace,
" Was the moſt dreadful, deſp'rate Caſe.

12. Another riſing at his Side,
As fond to praiſe, and free of Pride,
Cry'd, " Pray give Place, for I defy
" That you ſhould owe more Praiſe than I;

13. " I'll yield to none in this Debate,
" I'm run ſo deep in Grace's Debt;
" That ſure I am, I boldly can
" Compare with all the heav'nly Clan.

14. Quick o'er their Heads a Trump awoke,
" Your Songs my very Heart have ſpoke;
" But ev'ry Note you here propale,
" Belongs to me beyond you all.

15. The liſt'ning Millions round about,
With ſweet Reſentment loudly ſhout:
" What Voice is this comparing Notes,
" That to their Song chief Place allots?

16. " We

16. " We can't allow of ſuch a Sound,
" That you alone have higheſt Ground
" To ſing the Royalties of Grace,
" We claim the ſame adoring Place.

17. What! Will no rival Singer yield,
He has a Match upon the Field?
Come then, and let us all agree
To praiſe upon the higheſt Key.

18. Then jointly all the Harpers round
In Mind unite, with ſolemn Sound;
And Strokes upon the higheſt String,
Made all the heav'nly Arches ring.

19. Ring loud, with Hallelujahs high,
To him that ſent his Son to die;
And to the worthy Lamb of God,
That lov'd and waſh'd them in his Blood.

20. Free Grace was ſov'reign Empreſs crown'd
In Pomp, with joyful Shouts around:
Aſſiſting Angels clapt their Wings,
And ſounded " Grace" on all their Strings.

21. The Emulation round the Throne
Made proſtrate Hoſts (who ev'ry one
The humbleſt Place their Right avow)
Strive *who ſhould give the loweſt Bow.*

22 The next Contention without Vice
Among the Birds of Paradiſe,
Made ev'ry glorious warbling Throat
Strive *who ſhould raiſe the higheſt Note.*

23 Thus in ſweet, holy, humble Strife,
Along their endleſs joyful Life,
Of Jeſus all the Harpers rove,
And ſing the Wonders of his Love.

24 Their Diſcord makes them all unite
In Raptures moſt divinely ſweet;
So great the Song, ſo grave the Baſs,
Melodious Muſick fills the Place.

HYMN LVIII.

Holy FORTITUDE.

1. AM I a Soldier of the Croſs?
A Follower of the Lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his Cauſe?
Or bluſh to ſpeak his Name?

2. Muſt I be carry'd to the Skies,
On flow'ry Beds of Eaſe?
While others fought to win the Prize,
And ſail'd through bloody Seas?

3. Are there no Foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the Flood?
Is this vile World a Friend to Grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I muſt fight if I would reign;
Increaſe my Courage Lord:
I'll bear the Toil, endure the Pain,
Supported by thy Word.

5. Thy Saints in all this glorious War,
Shall conquer though they die;
They ſee the Triumph from afar,
And ſeize it with their Eye.

6. When that illuſtrious Day ſhall riſe,
And all thine Armies ſhine,
In Robes of Victory through the Skies,
The Glory ſhall be thine.

HYMN LIX.

1. BLESSED be God for all,
For all Things here below;
For Pain, and Eaſe, and Joy, and Thrall,
To my Advantage grow.

2. Bleſſed be *God*, for Shame,
For Slander, and Diſgrace;
Welcome Reproach for *Jeſu's* Name,
Like Flint, *Lord* ſet my Face.

3. Bleſſed be *God*, for Loſs,
For Loſs of earthly Things;
For ev'ry Scourge, and every Croſs,
Me nearer *Jeſus* brings.

4. Bleſſed be *God*, for Want:
For Raiment, Health, and Food;
I live by Faith; I ſcorn to faint;
For all Things work for Good.

5. Bleſſed be *God*, for Pain,
Which tears my Fleſh like Thorns;
It *crucifies* my carnal Man,
To *God* my Soul returns.

6. Bleſſed be *God*, for Doubts,
Which he hath overcome;
My Soul in full Aſſurance ſhouts,
Of being ſoon at Home.

7. Bleſſed be *God*, for Fears
Of Sin, and Death, and Hell;
When *Chriſt*, who is my Life, appears,
In Glory I ſhall dwell.

8. Bleſſed be *God*, for Friends,
Bleſſed be *God*, for Foes,
Bleſſed be *God*, whoſe gracious Ends
No finite Creature knows.

9. Bleſſed

9. Bleſſed be *God*, for Life,
Bleſſed be *God* for Death,
Bleſſed be *God*, for Joy, or Grief;
I welcome all through Faith.

HYMN LX.

1. OH, that I had a Boſom Friend,
to tell my Secrets to!
On whoſe Advice I might depend,
In ev'ry Thing I do.

2. How do I wander up and down,
And no one pities me;
I ſeem a Stranger quite unknown,
A Son of Miſery.

3. None lends an Ear to my Complaint,
Nor minds my Cries and Tears;
None comes to help me, though I faint,
Nor my vaſt Burthen bears.

4. While others live in Mirth and Eaſe,
And feel no Want nor Woe;
Through this dark, howling Wilderneſs,
I full of Sorrow go.

5. Oh! faithleſs Soul, to reaſon thus,
And murmur without End;
Did *Chriſt* expire upon the Croſs?
And is not he thy Friend?

6. Why doſt thou envy carnal Men?
And think their State ſo bleſt?
How great Salvation haſt thou ſeen?
And *Jeſus* is thy Reſt.

7. What can this lower World afford,
Compar'd with Goſpel Grace?

Thy

Thy Happineſs is in the Lord,
And thou ſhalt ſee his Face.

8. Can preſent Griefs be counted great,
Compar'd with future Woes?
Will tranſient Pleaſures ſeem ſo ſweet,
Compar'd with endleſs Joys?

9. How ſoon will God withdraw the Scene,
And burn the World he made?
Then Wo to carnal careleſs Men;
My Soul lift up thy Head.

10. Thy Saviour is thy real Friend,
Conſtant, and true, and good:
He will be with thee to the End,
And bring thee ſafe to God.

11. What then my Soul haſt thou to fear?
Or why ſhould'ſt thou repine?
Look up, behold Redemption's near;
Rejoice, for Heav'n is thine.

12. Why O my Soul, art thou ſo ſad?
When will thy Sighs be o'er?
Rejoice in Jeſus, and be glad,
Rejoice for evermore.

HYMN LXI.

1. SHALL I for Fear of feeble Man,
Thy Spirit's Courſe in me reſtrain?
Or undiſmay'd, in Deed and Word
Be a true Witneſs to my Lord?

2. Aw'd by a mortal's Frown, ſhall I
Conceal the Word of God moſt high?
How then before thee ſhall I dare
To ſtand, or how thine Anger bear?

3. Shall

3. Shall I, to ſoothe th' unholy Throng,
Soften thy Truths, and ſmoothe my Tongue?
To gain Earth's gilded Toys, or flee
The Croſs endur'd, my God, by thee!

4. What then is he, whoſe Scorn I dread,
Whoſe Wrath or Hate makes me afraid?
A Man, an Heir of Death, a Slave
To Sin, a Bubble on the Wave!

5. Yea, let Man rage! ſince thou wilt ſpread
Thy ſhadowing Wings around my Head;
Since in all Pain thy tender Love
Will ſtill my ſweet Refreſhment prove.

6. Saviour of Men! thy ſearching Eye
Does all my inmoſt Thoughts deſcry:
Doth Ought on Earth my Wiſhes raiſe,
Or the World's Favour, or its Praiſe?

7. The Love of Chriſt does me conſtrain
To ſeek the wand'ring Souls of Men;
With Cries, Intreaties, Tears, to ſave,
To ſnatch them from the gaping Grave.

8. For this let Men revile my Name;
No Croſs I ſhun, I fear no Shame:
All hail, Reproach, and welcome Pain!
Only thy Terrors, Lord, reſtrain.

9. My Life, my Blood I here preſent,
If for thy Truth they may be ſpent:
Fulfil thy ſov'reign Counſel, Lord!
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd!

10. Give me thy Strength, O God of Pow'r!
Then let Winds blow, or Thunders roar,
Thy faithful Witneſs will I be:
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thee.

HYMN LXII.

1. WHEN gracious Lord, when ſhall it be
That I ſhall find my all in thee?
The fulneſs of thy Promiſe prove,
The Seal of thine eternal Love!

2. A poor blind Child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark, dark, dark. I ſtill muſt ſay,
Amidſt the Blaze of Goſpel Day.

3. Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And caſt the World and Fleſh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be giv'n,
Of all thou haſt in Earth, or Heav'n.

4. When from the Arm of Fleſh ſet free,
Jeſus, my Soul ſhall fly to thee;
Jeſus, when I have loſt my all,
My Soul ſhall on thy Boſom fall.

5. Whom Man forſakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the Outcaſt to receive;
Though all my Fooliſhneſs I own,
And all my Faults to thee are known.

6. Ah! wherefore did I even doubt?
Thou wilt in no wiſe caſt me out;
An helpleſs Soul that comes to thee,
With only Sin, and Miſery.

7. Lord I am ſick; my Sickneſs cure:
I want; do thou enrich the Poor:
Under thy mighty Hand I ſtoop,
O lift th' abaſed Sinner up.

8. Lord I am blind, be thou my Sight:
Lord I am weak; be thou my Might;
An Helper of the Helpleſs be:
And let me find my all in thee.

I was

HYMN LXIII.

1. I Want an Heart to pray;
To pray, and never ceaſe:
Never to murmur at thy Stay,
Or wiſh my Suff'rings leſs.

2. This Bleſſing above all,
Always to pray, I want:
Out of the Deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

3. I want a true Regard,
A ſingle, ſteady Aim,
(Unmov'd by Threatning or Reward—)
To thee, and thy great Name.

4. A jealous juſt Concern
For thine immortal Praiſe;
A pure Deſire, that all may learn,
And glorify thy Grace,

5. I want with all my Heart
Thy Pleaſure to fulfil;
To know myſelf, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect Will.

6. I want, I know not what;
I want my Wants to ſee:
I want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

HYMN LXIV.

Happy FRAILTY.

1. HOW meanly dwells th' immortal Mind!
How vile theſe Bodies are!
Why was a Clod of Earth, deſign'd
T' encloſe a heav'nly Star?

2. Weak

2. Weak Cottage where our Souls reſide,
This Fleſh a tott'ring Wall:
The fright ful Breaches gaping wide,
The Building bends to fall.

3. All round it Storms of Sorrow blow,
And Waves of Trouble roll;
Cold Waves, and Winter Storms, beat through,
And pain the Tenant Soul.

4. "Alas, how frail our State!" ſaid I
And thus went mourning on,
Till ſudden from the cleaving Sky
A Gleam of Glory ſhone.

5. My Soul all felt the Glory come,
And breath'd her native Air;
Then ſhe remember'd Heav'n her Home,
And ſhe a Priſ'ner here.

6 Straight ſhe began to change her Key,
And joyful in her Strains,
She ſung the Frailty of her Clay
In pleaſurable Strains.

7. "How weak the Priſ'n is where I dwell!
"This Fleſh a tott'ring Wall!
"The Breaches chearfully foretell
"The Houſe muſt ſhortly fall.

8. "No more my Friends, ſhall I complain,
Tho' all my Heart Strings ake,
"Welcome Diſeaſe, and ev'ry Pain,
That makes the Cottage ſhake.

9. "I have a Manſion built above,
By the eternal Hand,
"And tho' the Earth's old Baſis move,
My heav'nly Houſe muſt ſtand.

10. "Yes,

10. " Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
" (I long to see the God)
" And his immortal Strength sustains
" The Purchase of his Blood.

11. " Hark, from on high my Saviour calls;
" I come, my Lord, my Love.
" Devotion breaks the Prison Walls,
" And speeds my last Remove."

HYMN LXV.

The DYING CHRISTIAN *to his* SOUL.

1. VITAL Spark of heav'nly Flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal Frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the Pain, the Bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy Strife,
And let me languish into Life.

2. Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this abforbs me quite?
Steals my Senses, shuts my Sight,
Drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

3. The World recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my Eyes! my Ears
With Sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your Wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

HYMN LXVI. *The penitent pardoned.*

1. HENCE from my ſoul, my ſins depart,
Your fatal friendſhip now I ſee;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal diſtance flee.

2. Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I careſs'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heart-ſtrings lapp'd you round;
You, the vile murd'rers of my GOD.

3. Black heavy thoughts like mountains roll
O'er my poor breaſt, with boding fears,
And cruſhing hard my tortur'd ſoul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

4. Forgive my treaſons, prince of grace,
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou haſt pray'd for that curs'd race,
Father, they know not what they do.

5. Great Advocate, look down and ſee
A wretch whoſe ſmarting ſorrows bleed.
O plead the ſame excuſe for me!
For, LORD, I knew not what I did.

6. Peace, my complaints; let ev'ry groan
Be ſtill, and ſilence wait his love;
Compaſſions dwell amidſt his throne,
And through his inmoſt bowels move.

7. Lo, from the everlaſting ſkies,
Gently, as morning dews diſtil,
The Dove Immortal downward flies
With peaceful olive in his bill.

6. How ſweet the voice of pardon ſounds!
Sweet the relief to deep diſtreſs!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

HYMN LXVII.

The Song of the Angels above.

1. EARTH has detain'd me priſ'ner long,
And I'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

2. Tir'd in my thoughts I ſtretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes,
Upward my Father to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

3. There the dear MAN my Saviour ſits,
The GOD how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

4. Seraphs with elevated ſtrains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.

5. JESUS the LORD their harps employs,
JESUS my love they ſing,
JESUS the name of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

6. Hark

6. Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace they run;
And ſpeak in moſt majeſtic ſounds
The Godhead of the SON.

7. How on the Father's breaſt he lay,
The darling of his ſoul,
Infinite years before the day,
Or worlds began to roll.

8. And now they ſink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

9. O ſacred beauties of the MAN!
(The GOD reſides within)
His fleſh all pure, without a ſtain,
His ſoul without a ſin.

10. Then how he look'd, and how he ſmil'd,
What wond'rous things he ſaid!
Sweet cherubs, ſtay, dwell here awhile,
And tell what JESUS did.

11. At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladſome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to ſpeak,
They try their tongues in praiſe.

12. He ſhed a thouſand bleſſings round
When e'er he turn'd his eye;
He ſpoke, and at the ſov'reign ſound
The helliſh legions fly.

13. Thus while with unambitious ſtrife,
Th' ethereal minſtrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love.

14. In the full choir a broken ſtring
Groans with a ſtrange ſurprize;
The reſt in ſilence mourn their king,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

15. Seraph, and ſaint, with drooping wings,
Ceaſe their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling ſprings,
While JESUS ſleeps in death.

16. Then all at once to living ſtrains
They ſummon ev'ry chord,
Break up the tomb, and burſt his chains,
And ſhew their riſing LORD.

17. Around the flaming army throngs,
To guard him to the ſkies,
With loud *Hoſannas* on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

18. In awful ſtate the conqu'ring GOD
Aſcends his ſhining throne,
While tuneful angels ſound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

19. Now let me riſe and join their ſong,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

20. I would begin the muſick here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe;
Oh, for ſome heav'nly notes to bear
My ſpirit to the ſkies!

21. There, ye that love my Saviour, ſit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face.

22. I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haſte above,
To bleſs the GOD that I adore,
And ſing the MAN I love.

HYMN LXVIII.

The divided heart lamented.

1. STRANGE that ſo much of heav'n and hell
Should in one boſom meet;
Lord, can thy ſpirit ever dwell
Where Satan has a ſeat?

2. Now I am all transform'd to love,
And could expire in praiſe;
Then ſoon not all the joys above
One chearful note can raiſe.

3. When I with penſive thoughts review
The mazes I have trod,
Aſtoniſh'd at the grace that drew
My wand'ring ſoul to God;

4. Oh with what ardent zeal I vow
A rectitude within!
What indignation fires me now,
At the mere thoughts of ſin!

5. But vain amuſements, hurrying cares,
Trifles of loſs or gain,
Or carnal joys, or worldly fears,
Seduce my heart again.

6. By faithful hopes, and golden dreams,
I'm nurtur'd, or betray'd,
Still toſs'd between the two extremes,
Too vain, or too diſmay'd.

7. Decide the dubious awful caſe,
By ſome aſſuring ſign;
And oh may thy all conqu'ring grace
Declare that I am thine!

HYMN LXIX. *Queſtions to unbelief.*

1. IF to JESUS for relief
My ſoul has fled by pray'r;
Why ſhould I give way to grief,
Or heart-conſuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promiſe paſt?
Will he then regardleſs ſtand,
And let me ſink at laſt?

2. While I know his providence
Diſpoſes each event;
Shall I judge by feeble ſenſe,
And yield to diſcontent?
If he worms and ſparrows feed,
Cloath the graſs in rich array;
Can he ſee a child in need,
And turn his eye away?

3. When

3. When his name was quite unknown,
And ſin my life employ'd;
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been deſtroy'd:
Now his mercy ſeat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd;
Would he ſpare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4. If he all my wants ſupply'd
When I diſdain'd to pray;
Now his ſpirit is my guide,
How can he ſay me nay?
If he would not give me up,
When my ſoul againſt him fought;
Will he diſappoint the hope,
Which he himſelf has wrought?

5. If he ſhed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold;
Can I think that meaner good
He ever will withhold?
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope reſts well aſſur'd,
In that great redemption-price,
I ſee the whole ſecur'd.

HYMN LXX.

1. WHILE ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the LORD came down,
And glory ſhone around.

5. But ye not," ſaid he (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind:)
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
" To you, and all mankind.

3. " To you in David's town, this day
" Is born of David's line,
" A SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the LORD,
" And this ſhall be the ſign;

4. " The heav'nly babe ye there ſhall find
" To human view diſplay'd,
" All meanly wrapt in ſwathing bands,
" And in a manger laid."

5. Thus ſpake the ſeraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels praiſing GOD, and thus
Addreſs'd their heav'nly ſong;

6. " All glory be to GOD on high;
" And on the earth be peace;
" Good will, henceforth from Heav'n to man
" Begin and never ceaſe."

HYMN LXXI. *The heart given away.*

1. IF there are paſſions in my ſoul,
(And paſſions ſure there be)
Now they are all at thy controul
My JESUS all for thee.

2. If love that pleaſing pow'r can reſt
In hearts ſo hard as mine;
Come, gentle Saviour to my breaſt,
For all my love is thine.

3. Let

3. Let the gay world with treach'rous art,
Allure my eyes in vain;
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

4. I feel my warmeſt paſſions dead
To all that earth can boaſt;
This ſoul of mine was never made
For vanity and duſt.

5. Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidſt their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear LORD that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

6. So *Gabriel* at his king's command,
From yon celeſtial hill,
Walks downward to our worthleſs land,
His ſoul points upward ſtill:

7. He glides along by mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his taſk, and ſpreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

HYMN LXXII. *None excluded from Hope.*

1. JESUS, thy bleſſings are not few,
Nor is thy goſpel weak,
Thy grace can melt the ſtubborn *Jew*,
And heal the dying *Greek*.

2. Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy ſalvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to ſex, nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

3. When

3. When grace is publiſh'd to the prince,
The poor may take their ſhare;
No mortal hath a juſt pretence
To periſh in deſpair.

4. Be wiſe ye men of ſtrength, and wit,
Nor boaſt your native pow'rs;
Unto the Son of God ſubmit,
And glory ſhall be yours.

5. Come, all ye vileſt ſinners, come,
He'll form your hearts anew;
His goſpel and his heart have room,
For ſinners ſuch as you.

6. His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

HYMN LXXIII. *A lovely carriage.*

1. O 'Tis a lovely thing to ſee
A man of prudent heart;
Whoſe thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a uſeful part.

2. When envy, ſtrife, and wars begin
In little angry ſouls,
Mark how the ſons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3. Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury riſe;
Nor paſſion moves their lips to ſpeak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4. Their

4. Their frame is prudence mixt with love;
Good works fulfil their day;
They join the ſerpent with the dove,
But caſt the ſting away.

5. Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleaſures he purſu'd;
His fleſh and blood were all refin'd,
His ſoul divinely good.

6 Lord can theſe plants of virtue grow
In ſuch a ſoul as mine?
Thy grace can form my nature ſo,
And make my heart like thine.

HYMN LXXIV.

1. WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And ſeeming [illegible] more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, [illegible] find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2. Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
So prone to act ſo baſe a part,
And harbour one bad thought of thee.

3. O let me then at length be taught,
What ſtill I am ſo ſlow to learn,
That GOD is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4. Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat;
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5. But

5. But O! My LORD, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will,
Drives doubt, and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6. Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praiſe receive,
Be ſhame and ſelf-abhorrence mine.

HYMN LXXV.

1. RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove;
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource;
So a ſoul that's born of GOD,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

3. Fly me riches, fly me cares;
While I that coaſt explore;
Flatt'ring world, with all thy ſnares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night,
When the laſt dear morn is come,
They'll riſe to joyful light.

4. Ceaſe, ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the ſkies;
Yet a ſeaſon, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

HYMN LXXVI.

Prayer heard, and Zion reſtored.

1. LET Zion and her ſons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her GOD hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2. Her duſt and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Thoſe ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that duſt ſhall riſe.

3. The LORD will raiſe *Jeruſalem*,
And ſtand in glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4. He ſits a ſov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying priſ'ners groan,
And ſees their ſighs ariſe.

5. He frees the ſouls condemn'd to death,
And when his ſaints complain,
It ſha'n't be ſaid, "That praying breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."

6. This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt, and praiſe the LORD.

HYMN LXXVII.

Pray without ceaſing. I Theſ. v. 17.

1. PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The Bleſſings God deſigns to give,
Long as they live ſhould *Chriſtians* pray,
For only while they pray they *live*.

2. The *Chriſtian*'s Heart his pray'r indites;
He ſpeaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his petition writes;
And *Chriſt* receives, and gives it in.

3. And wilt thou in dead ſilence lie,
When *Chriſt* ſtands waiting for thy pray'r?
My Soul thou haſt a Friend on high;
Ariſe and try thy Int'reſt there.

4. If pain afflict, or wrongs oppreſs:
If cares diſtract, or fears diſmay;
If guilt deject, if ſin diſtreſs;
The remedy's before thee, *pray*.

5. 'Tis

5. 'Tis pray'r ſupports the ſoul that's weak;
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou can'ſt, or can'ſt not, ſpeak;
But pray with faith in *Jeſu's* name.

6. Depend on him, thou can'ſt not fail;
Make all thy wants and wiſhes known;
Fear not; his merits muſt prevail;
Aſk what thou wilt, it ſhall be done.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Praiſe to the TRINITY.

GLORY, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to GOD on high;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praiſes round the ſky.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the FATHER give;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praiſes all that live.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to CHRIST, of heav'nly birth;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praiſes round the earth.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the SPIRIT be;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Praiſe the ſacred ONE IN THREE.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to GOD alone;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praiſes round the throne.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to GOD moſt kind;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Heav'n and earth, and ſky be join'd.

Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Holy is the LORD of hoſts;
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the LAMB of GOD;
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Who lov'd, and waſh'd us in his blood.

HYMN LXXIX.

Who hath deſpiſed the day of ſmall things?
Zech. iv, 10.

1. THE Lord that made both heav'n and earth,
And was himſelf made man,
Lay in the womb before his birth,
Contracted to a ſpan:

2. Matur'd by time till forth he came,
A babe like others ſeen;
As ſmall in ſize, and weak of frame,
As babes have always been.

3. From

3. From thence he grew an infant mild,
By fair and due degrees;
And then became a bigger child,
And sat on *Mary's* knees.

4. At first held up for want of strength,
In time alone he ran;
Then grew a boy, a lad, at length
A youth; at last a man.

5. Behold from what beginnings small
Our great salvation rose!
The strength of God is own'd by all;
But who his weakness knows?

6. Thus souls that would to Heav'n attain,
Must Jacob's ladder climb;
And step by step the summit gain,
In measure and in time

7. Let not the strong the weak despise;
Their faith, tho' small, is true;
Tho' low they seem in others eyes,
Their Saviour seem'd so too.

8. Nor meanly of the tempted think;
For, oh what tongue can tell,
How low the Lord of life must sink,
Before he vanquish'd Hell?

9. The least believer is a Saint,
And if our growth be slow,
We should not therefore tire and faint,
Since *Christ* himself could grow.

10. As in the days of flesh he grew
In knowledge, stature, grace,
So in the soul that's born anew,
He keeps a gradual pace.

11. No less Almighty at his birth,
Than on his throne supreme:
His shoulders held up Heav'n and earth,
When *Mary* held up him.

HYMN LXXX.

Tribulation.

1. THE Souls that would to *Jesus* press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure:

2. From this there can be none exempt,
'Tis God's own wise decree;
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3. The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4. Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow,
'Til' sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low!

6. T

5. Ten thouſand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And ſeldom do we ſee the ſnares,
Before we feel the ſmart.

6. But let not all this terrify,
Purſue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with ſtedfaſt eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

7. Though we are feeble, *Chriſt* is ſtrong,
His promiſes are true,
We ſhall be conqu'rors all ere long,
And more than conqu'rors too.

HYMN LXXXI.

The Goſpel.

1. REPENT, ye ſons of men, repent;
Hear the good tidings *God* has ſent,
Of ſinners ſav'd, and ſins forgiv'n,
And beggars rais'd to reign in heav'n.
Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars
rais'd to reign in heav'n.

2. *God* ſent his Son to die for us,
Die to redeem us from the curſe;
He took our weakneſs, bore our load,
And dearly bought us with his blood.
Dearly, dearly, &c.

3. In guilt's dark dungeon when we lay;
Mercy cry'd, "Spare;" and juſtice, "Slay;"
But *Jeſus* anſwer'd, "Set them free;
"And pardon *them*; and puniſh *me*."
Pardon, pardon, &c.

4. Sal-

4. Salvation is of *God* alone;
Life everlasting in his Son.
And he that gave his Son to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need.
Freely, freely, &c.

5. Believe the gospel, and rejoice,
Sing to the *Lord* with chearful voice;
His goodness praise, his wonders tell,
Who ransom'd all our souls from hell.
Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

HYMN LXXXII.

The wonders of redeeming love.

1. HOW wond'rous are the works of GOD
Display'd thro' all the world abroad!
Immensely great! Immensely small!
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

2. He form'd the sun, fair fount of light,
The moon and stars to rule the night;
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,
Are little works compar'd with one.

3. He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies;
Made valies sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows cloth'd with native green;
And bade the rivers glide between.

4. But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove?
The wonders of redeeming love!

5. 'Tis

5. 'Tis far beyond what words expreſs,
What ſaints can feel, or angels gueſs;
Angels that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.

6. The higheſt heav'ns are ſhort of this,
'Tis deeper than the vaſt abyſs,
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.

7. Almighty God ſigh'd human breath,
The Lord of Life experienc'd death;
How it was done we can't diſcuſs;
But this we know, 'twas done for us.

8. Bleſt with this faith, then let us raiſe
Our hearts in love, our voice in praiſe,
All things to us muſt work for good,
For whom the Lord hath ſhed his blood,

9. Trials may preſs of ev'ry ſort;
They may be ſore; they muſt be ſhort;
We now *believe*, but ſoon ſhall *view*,
The greateſt glories GOD can ſhew.

HYMN LXXXIII.

The ſtony heart.

1. OH, for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this ſtubborn ſtone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2. The

2. The rocks can rent; the earth can quake;
The ſeas can roar; the mountains ſhake;
Of feeling all things ſhew ſome ſign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3. To hear the ſorrows thou haſt felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4. Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Good elſ and wrath in vain combine,
To ſtir this ſtupid heart of mine.

5. But ſomething yet can do the deed;
And that dear ſomething much I need.
Thy Spirit can from droſs refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Praying for relations,

1. KIND ſouls, who for the mis'ries moan
Of thoſe who ſeldom mind their own;
But treat your zeal with cold diſdain,
Reſolv'd to make your labours vain.

2. You whoſe ſincere affection tends
To help your dear, ungrateful friends,
Who think you foes, or mad, or fools,
Becauſe you fain would ſave their ſouls.

3. Though

3. Though deaf to ev'ry warning giv'n,
They ſcorn to walk with you to Heav'n;
But often think, and ſometimes ſay,
They'll never go, if that's the way;

4. Though they the Holy Ghoſt reſiſt,
Or ridicule your faith in Chriſt;
Though they blaſpheme, oppoſe, contemn,
And hate you for your love to them;

5. One ſecret way is left you ſtill,
To do them good againſt their will:
Here they can no obſtruction give;
You *may* do this without their leave:

6. Fly to the throne of grace by pray'r,
And pour out all your wiſhes there;
Effectual fervent pray'r prevails,
When ev'ry other method fails.

HYMN LXXXV.

BAPTISM.

1. WHEN *John* (though a man)
Baptizing began
Believers in *Jordan*, confeſſing their ſin;

2. The *Phariſees* came,
In *Abraham's* name,
For to be baptized, and lay in their claim.

3. You vipers, ſaid he,
Who warn'd you to flee?
Bring forth your repentance, that fruits we may ſee;

3. And

4. And think not indeed,
Y u're *Abraham's* ſeed,
And ſo for my *Baptiſm* a *right* have to plead.

5 By this we may ſee
Our Bap ism to be
For none but believers a priviledge free.

6. From *Galilee* came
Chriſt Jeſus by name,
For to be baptiſed, and was not aſham'd.

7. *John* to him did ſay,
Why com'ſt thou to me,
When I have need to be baptiſed of thee?

8. Oh ſuffer it ſo,
'Tis right we ſhould ſhow
All righteous obedience wherever we go.

9. The rites were perform'd,
And *Jeſus* return'd;
The Father his bleſſing ſent down on his Son;

10. The Spirit of God
D ſcends like a Dove,
And lights on the Saviour in token of love.

11. By this we may ſee
The whole Trinity,
To honour our Baptiſm do jointly agree.

12. We'll not be aſham'd,
Where *Jeſus* is nam'd;
He's precious unto us, tho' ſinners blaſpheme.

13. We'll follow him down
To th' water we're bound,
Oh ſinners, ſee what an example we've found.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXVI.

SAlvation, oh, the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honor, praiſe and power,
Be unto the lamb for ever;
Jeſus Chriſt is our redeemer.
Halelujah! halelujah! halelujah! praiſe the Lord.

Bury'd in ſorrow, and in ſin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we ariſe by grace divine
To ſee an heav'nly day.
Glory, honor, &c.

Salvation, let the echo fly,
The ſpacious earth around;
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.
Glory, honor, &c.

Salvation, O thou bleeding lamb,
To thee the praiſe belongs;
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues,
Glory, honor, &c.

HYMN LXXXVII.

1. I AM now inclin'd
With heart, ſoul, and mind,
To ſeek my dear Saviour till him I do find.

2. My *Chriſt* is my all,
On him I would call,
And at his bleſs'd feet with humility fall.

3. My ſoul with deſire
To *Chriſt* doth aſpire;
Oh, fill me, my *Jeſus*, with love's heav'nly fire!

4. Oh, may I proclaim
Thy wonderful name,
And bear thy dear croſs, and deſpiſe the world's ſhame!

5. My ſoul now ſhall ſtand.
Upheld by thy hand,
I'll publiſh the goſpel in this happy land.

6. The glory appears,
Saints, ſhake off your fears;
The voice of ſalvation ſalutes your glad ears.

7. The Saviour is king;
Riſe, mortals, and ſing
All glory, all glory, all glory, to him.

8. Ye angels accord,
Salute our dear Lord;
Live *Jeſus!* live *Jeſus!* live *Jeſus!* ador'd!

9. All nations ſhall hear
The jubilee year,
And come to the Saviour, the Saviour moſt dear.

10. Oppoſers ſhall fall,
And periſh ſhall all
Who will not now hearken to *Jeſu*'s ſweet call.

11. Ye saints of his choice,
In *Jesus* rejoice;
And praise your Redeemer with heart and glad voice.

12. The day is your own,
This soon shall be known,
And throughout all nations *Christ*'s will shall be done.

13. Join angels and men
In praise to him then,
Cry, glory, all glory, to *Jesus*, Amen.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

An evening song.

1. NOW from the altar of my heart,
Let incense flames arise.
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.

2. Awake, my love; awake, my joy;
Awake, my heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.

3. Man's life's a book of history,
The leaves thereof are days;
The letters mercies closely join'd,
The title is thy praise.

4. This day was God my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His tender care o'er me was shown,
His mercies multiply'd.

 5. Minute

5. Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick; but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

6. New time, new favour, and new joys,
New songs of praise require;
Till I shall praise thee as I would
Accept my heart's desire.

7. Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Thee shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN LXXXIX.

The sinner's hope.

1. WHO knows but such an one as I
May grace and mercy find;
I hear that *Israel*'s God and king
Is merciful and kind:

2. Had he been pleas'd to torture me
With everlasting bands,
He might have done it long ago,
Who had me in his hands.

3. I do not hear the trumpet sound,
To call me to his bar;
The proofs and patterns of his grace
Forbid me to despair.

4. Cease

4. Ceaſe then thy murm'ring, O my ſoul,
And ſilently attend
To th' ſounding bowels of a *Chriſt*,
Who is the ſinner's friend.

5. He does not ſay, "Depart from me
"Into eternal fire;
But, "Come into my open breaſt,
"Where weary ſouls retire."

6. The trembling wretch, who touch'd his hem,
But fear'd an heavy doom,
Receiv'd a cure, and bleſſing too,
And went rejoicing home.

7. The prodigal deſerv'd and fear'd
Worſe than the ſwine he fed;
But found a mirthful feaſt at home,
Who only look'd for bread.

8. Heav'n look'd upon the publican,
Who was bow'd down to ſhame;
Mercy he crav'd, which ſoon appear'd,
And anſwer'd to its name.

9. My ſins are mighty ſins indeed;
But I have underſtood
Great ſins are foils, which do inhance
The worth of ſaving blood.

10. My ſoul has many ghaſtly wounds,
Yet I will not deſpair,
While there is balm in *Gilead* found,
And a phyſician there.

11. That I might march to *Canaan*'s land,
The ſilver trumpet ſounds;
My day ſtill ſhines, my tent is fix'd
Within ſalvation's bounds.

12. The door is ſhut, but is not barr'd;
And he that is within
Does bid me aſk, and ſeek, and knock,
And ſtrive to enter in.

13. Here then I'll aſk, and ſeek, and knock,
Until the door be ope;
Nor will I ſtir a foot from hence;
It is a door of hope.

HYMN XC.

1. FAREWEL vain world, I bid adieu,
Thou canſt not fill, but cloy;
Thy throne, O GOD, doth ſend forth new
And more refined joy.

2. Mere vanity doth man purſue,
With eagerneſs, and heat;
The braveſt things the world can ſhew,
Are all a perfect cheat.

3. Who gain the riches of the earth,
Gain but a finer droſs,
Who gain the world and loſe their ſouls,
Suſtain the greateſt loſs.

4. The blaſt of honour ſounds aloud,
Yet that's but empty air,
Which quickly paſſes thro' the cloud
And does no more appear.

5. My

5. My ſoul, there's nothing here that can
  True bleſſedneſs afford;
Ye painted ſhadows, get you gone;
  Ye hold me from my Lord.

6. He's bleſt indeed that loveth GOD,
  Whoſe undefiled mind
Can ſcorn ſuch mean, ignoble joys,
  He better joys ſhall find.

7. O happy they who only love
  Their GOD, and him admire;
That I may taſte thoſe joys that laſt
  I'll from the world retire;

8. I'll make it my ambition now
  To be belov'd of God;
And under his delightful ſhade
  Will ſettle mine abode.

HYMN XCI.

1. THAT heart is harder than a ſtone
  That riſes up to play,
And ne'er with ſorrow thinks upon
  The ſins of yeſterday;
The laſt night's failures well might make,
  If they were duly ſcann'd,
Each rock, each ſinner's heart to ake,
  For ſaints are daily tann'd.

2. Ah, Lord, thou ſeeſt my frozen heart,
  How little, little love;
I owe thee *all*, ſcarce pay thee *part*;
  Drop ſoftneſs from above;
If thou withhold a little ſpace,
  Withhold not very long:
Send down the melting dews of grace,
  I'll ſend thee up a ſong.

3. Make

3. Make my heart ſofter, ſofter ſtill,
Me like thy mourning dove;
I mourn, becauſe I cannot mourn;
But, Lord, thou know'ſt I love.
Make my heart ſofter, ſofter ſtill,
That by thy gracious hand
A deep impreſſion may be made,
E'en from the leaſt command.

HYMN XCII.

A ſong of praiſe for the hope of glory.

1. I SOJOURN in a vale of tears;
Alas, how can I ſing?
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Diſtun'd in ev'ry ſtring;
My muſick is a captive's chains,
Harſh ſounds my ears do fill;
How ſhall I ſing ſweet *Sion*'s ſongs
On this ſide *Sion*'s hill?

2. Yet lo! I hear a joyful ſound,
"Surely I quickly come:"
Each word much ſweetneſs doth diſtil,
Like a full honey comb.
And doſt thou *come*, my deareſt Lord?
And doſt thou *quickly* come?
And doſt thou *ſurely* quickly come?
Methinks I am at home.

3. Come then, my deareſt, deareſt Lord,
My ſweeteſt ſureſt friend!
Come; for I loathe theſe *Kedar* tents,
The fi'ry chariots ſend.

What

What have I here? My thoughts and joys
Are all pack'd up and gone;
My eager soul would follow them
To thine eternal throne.

4. What have I in this barren land?
My *Jesus* is not here;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until
My *Jesus* doth appear.
My *Jesus* is gone up to heav'n,
To get a place for me:
For 'tis his will that where he is,
His servants all should be.

5. *Canaan* I view from *Pisgah's* top,
Of *Canaan's* grapes I taste;
My Lord who sends to me while here,
Will send for me at last.
I have a God who changeth not,
Why should I be perplext?
My God that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

6. Go fearless then, my soul, with GOD,
Into another room;
Thou who hast walked with him here,
Go see thy God at home.
View death with a believing eye,
It hath an angel's face;
And this kind angel will prefer
Thee to an angel's place.

7. The grave is but a fining-pot
Unto believing eyes;
For there the flesh shall lose its dross,
And like the sun shall rise.

The world which I have known too well,
Hath mock'd me with its lies;
How gladly could I leave behind
Its vexing vanities!

8. My deareſt friends they dwell above,
Them will I go to ſee;
And all my friends in Chriſt below,
Will ſoon come after me.
Fear not the trump's earth-rending ſound;
Dread not the day of doom;
For he that is to be thy Judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

9. Bleſt be my God that gives me light,
Who in the dark did grope;
Bleſt be my God, the God of love,
Who cauſeth me to hope.
Here's the word's ſignet, comfort's ſtaff,
And here is grace's chain;
By theſe thy pledges, Lord, I know
My hopes are not in vain.

HYMN XCIII.

A ſong of praiſe for the birth of Chriſt.

1. AWAY dark thoughts, awake, my joy;
Awake, my glory ſing;
Sing ſongs to celebrate the birth,
Of *Jacob's* God and king.

2. O happy night, that brought forth light,
Which makes the blind to ſee!
The day ſpring from on high came down,
To chear and viſit thee.

3. The

3. The wakeful shepherds, near their flocks,
Were watchful for the morn;
But better news from heav'n was brought,
"Your Saviour Christ is born."

4. "In *Bethle'm* town the infant lies,
"Within a place obscure."
O little *Bethle'm*, poor in walls,
But rich in furniture!

5. Since heav'n is now come down to earth,
Hither the angels fly!
Hark, how the heav'nly choir doth sing,
Glory to God on high!

6. The news is spread, the church is glad,
Simeon o'ercome with joy,
Sings with the infant in his arms,
Now let thy servant die.

7. Wise men from far beheld the star,
Which was their faithful guide,
Until it pointed forth the babe,
And *him* they glorify'd;

8. While heav'n and earth rejoice and sing,
Shall we our Christ deny?
He's born for us, and we for him;
Glory to God on high!

HYMN XCIV.

1. O THAT I had an angel's tongue,
That I might loudly sing
The wonders of redeeming love
To thee, my God and king!

2. But

2. But man, who at the gates of hell
Did pale and ſpeechleſs lie,
Muſt find a tongue and time to ſpeak,
Or elſe the ſtones will cry.

5. Let the redeemed of the Lord
Their thankful voices raiſe;
Can we be dumb while angels ſing
Our great Redeemer's praiſe?

4. Come let us join with angels then,
Glory to God on high;
Peace be on earth, good-will to men:
Amen, amen, ſay I.

HYMN XCV.

1. LO, what an entertaining ſight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren, whoſe chearful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2. When ſtreams of love, from Chriſt the ſpring,
Deſcend to ev'ry ſoul;
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole:

3. 'Tis like the oil divinely ſweet
On *Aaron*'s rev'rend Head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments ſpread.

4. 'Tis pleaſant as the morning dews
That fall on *Sion*'s hill,
Where God his mildeſt glory ſhews,
And makes his grace diſtil.

HYMN XCVI.

The beatific vision.

I. I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The king in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and die to be there,
Where JESUS hath fix'd his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of GOD?

2. With him I on Zion shall stand,
(For JESUS hath spoken the word)
The breadth of *Immanuel's* land
Survey by the light of my LORD:
But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heaven's in thee!

3. How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness nor sorrow shall prove:
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give,
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN XCVII. *The Beggar.*

1. ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, LORD,
Waits at thy mercy's door!

No hand, no heart, O LORD, but thine,
Can help, or pity wants like mine.

2. The beggar's uſual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'ſt diſdain:
And thoſe which move thy gracious ear,
Are ſuch as men would ſcorn to hear.

3. I have no right to ſay,
" That though I now am poor,
" Yet once there was a day
" When I poſſeſſed more."
Thou know'ſt that from my very birth,
I've been the pooreſt wretch on earth.

4. Nor can I dare profeſs,
As beggars often do,
" Tho' great is my diſtreſs,
" My faults have been but few.
If thou ſhould leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It would be what I well deſerve.

5. 'Twere folly to pretend
" I never begg'd before;
" Or if thou'll now befriend,
" I'll trouble thee no more."
Thou often haſt reliev'd my pain,
And often I muſt come again.

6. Tho' crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a dog as I,
No leſs than children's food
My ſoul can ſatisfy.
O! do not frown, and bid me Go;
I muſt have *all* thou canſt beſtow.

7. Nor

7. Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel :
I'll tell them of thy mercies ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.

8. Thy thoughts, thou only wiſe,
Our thoughts and ways tranſcend,
Far as the arched ſkies
Above the earth extend.
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But GOD receives a beggar's pray'r.

HYMN XCVIII.

Prayer for a revival.

1. SAVIOUR, viſit thy plantation,
Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain :
All will come to deſolation,
Unleſs thou return again :
Keep no longer at a diſtance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Leſt for want of thine aſſiſtance
Ev'ry plant ſhould droop and die.

2. Surely once thy garden flouriſh'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our ſpirits nouriſh'd,
Happy ſeaſons we have ſeen !
But a drought has ſince ſucceeded,
And a ſad decline we ſee ;
LORD, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3. Where are thoſe we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old profeſſors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We ſhall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a ſingle leaf they ſhow.

4. Younger plants—the ſight how pleaſant,
Cover'd thick with bloſſoms ſtood;
But they cauſe us grief at preſent,
Froſts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Deareſt Saviour, haſten hither,
Thou canſt make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one eſteem'd thy ſervant,
Shun the world's bewitching ſnares.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the ſtony heart to fleſh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afreſh.

HYMN XCIX.

1. LO! he comes with clouds deſcending;
Once for guilty ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Alleluia! Amen.

2. Ev'ry

2. Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH ſee.

3. Ev'ry iſland, ſea and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him muſt confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! Come away!

4. Now redemption, long expected,
See! in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his ſaints by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of GOD appear!

5. Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Haſten, LORD, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

6. Yea! Amen! Let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!

HYMN C.

The sinner converted.

1. WHEN with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.

2. This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,
These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree;
Who could believe such lips could praise?
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee?

3. These eyes that once abus'd their sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
And weep a silent flood;
These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r,
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood!

4. These ears that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
When round the festal board;
Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.

5. Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part;
And now thou dost transform my heart,
That drossy thing refine;
Now grace doth nature's strength controul,
And a new creature—body—Soul,
Are, LORD, for ever thine!

HYMN

HYMN CI.

1. HE comes! He comes! The Saviour dear,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His light'nings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful soul.

2. From heav'n angelic voices sound!
See the almighty JESUS crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3. Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdom all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant LORD:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant LORD.

4. Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most high:
Our GOD, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever and for ever reigns.

5. The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome the great THREE IN ONE!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome the great THREE IN ONE!

HYMN CII. *Aſcenſion.*

1. HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes!
CHRIST a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native heav'n:
There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant ſcene;
Take the King of Glory in!

2. Him, though higheſt heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Near himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3. Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful ſervants, ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our ſight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither riſe,
Following thee beyond the ſkies.

4. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our LORD ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home:
There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thy glorious reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

HYMN CIII.

1. 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the LORD, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2. If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

3. Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4. When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5. If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6. Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7. Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the LORD?

8. LORD,

8. LORD, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9. Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.

HYMN CIV.

For the Spirit of adoption.

1. FATHER, if thou my father art,
Send forth the Spirit of thy son,
Breathe him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known;
Make me thy conscious child, that I
May Father, Abba, Father, cry!

2. I want the spir't of pow'r within,
Of love and of an healthful mind;
Of pow'r to conquer inbred sin;
Of love to thee, and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vig'rous when the body dies.

3. When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heav'nly joys,
Attend the promis'd comforter;
He comes, and righteousness divine,
And CHRIST, and all with CHRIST, is mine.

4. Oh

Oh that the comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
t fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
nd make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of in-dwelling GOD.

Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
me and baptise me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain.
here is the sense of sin forgiv'n?
Where is the earnest of my Heav'n?

Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
hat pow'rful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of Love, of Heav'n, of GOD!

HYMN CV.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
y days of praise shall ne'er be past
hile life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Why should I make a man my trust?
inces must die, and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
heir breath departs, their pomp and pow'r
d thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3. Happy

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On *Israel*'s GOD; he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4. The LORD hath eyes to give the blind;
The LORD supports the sinking mind,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy GOD, O *Zion*, ever reigns:
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN

HYMN CVI. The PENITENT THIEF.

1 COME see the pow'r of Christ our King!
When on the cross the Saviour hung,
His Grace a dying thief did bring
To own him with his heart and tongue.

2 One malefactor scorn'd Christ's name,
The other did his sin reprove;
Then said by faith to God's dear Lamb,
"Remember me O Lord above."

3 What noble faith in him appear'd,
That he could trust a dying Lord!
He soon the blessed Jesus heard
Pronounce this sweet reviving word;

4. "Amen, this day thy soul shall be
"With me in Paradise above."
This made the dying pris'ner free;
These words were full of boundless love.

5 What comfort did this speech convey,
To his poor guilty wretched mind!
When thus he heard the Saviour say,
Great peace the criminal did find.

6 Thus Jesus Christ forgave the thief,
And shew'd great mercy to the man;
So in the midst of woe and grief,
His joy and happiness began.

7 O how he sings the Saviour's praise,
Who took him at the very last,

When he his youthful ſtrength and days
In Satan's cauſe had ſpent and paſt!

8 Now he adores God's holy name,
And ſtands before the Saviour's face;
And will eternally proclaim
The boundleſs riches of his grace!

HYMN CVII.

A Farewel Hymn.

1 BRETHREN, I bid you all farewel;
and from my very heart
Affectionately you I tell
That we muſt ſurely part!

2 And if I ſee you not again,
I truſt that I can ſay,
My labour ſhall not be in vain;
For me my brethren pray.

3 I truſt I can to record call
All you who have me heard,
That I've declar'd God's counſel all,
As light and truth appear'd.

4 I now depart, I leave you here,
I reſt you with the Lord;
And may you live to Jeſus near,
And be of one accord.

5. And if I never ſee you more
While we on earth remain,

O may

O may we meet on Heav'n's bright ſhore,
And never part again!

6 There we ſhall join to ſing God's praiſe,
And all his wonders tell!
And never part to endleſs days:
So brethren, now, farewel.

HYMN CVIII. PARTING WITH FRIENDS.

1. NOW Lord, tho' we muſt part a while,
Upon the heav'nly road;
Yet let thy face upon us ſmile,
And keep us near our God.

2. And if on earth again we meet,
Lord let us meet with thee:
And let thy gracious preſence ſweet
From bondage ſet us free.

3. This only this we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode,
That we with Chriſt and ſaints may have
Communion on the road.

4. For ſince our fellowſhip below,
Affords ſuch joy and love,
We long its full extent to know,
When we ſhall meet above.

5. Let this, O Lord excite us on,
To keep the narrow way,
Till we ſhall meet around thy Throne,
With all the heirs of day.

6. Come Holy Ghoſt, our ſouls inſpire!
Maintain this flame of love,
Till we ſhall join that glorious choir
Of worſhippers above.

HYMN CIX.

1. VAIN things allure, and charm the mind
And lead our ſouls from thee our Lord,
But we no reſt, nor peace can find
But in thy promiſes, and word.

2. We rove and ſeek for ſolid ground
To reſt our ſinking ſouls upon;
But no ſafe ſhelter can be found
But Chriſt the ſure foundation ſtone.

3. This is the bleſſed hiding place,
Where ſinners find a ſure repoſe;
'Tis here they taſte the richeſt grace,
And here Salvation's water flows.

4. 'Tis here poor guilty mortals find
A ſolid ground of laſting hope;
Here's peace and light to chear the mind
Which did in darkneſs blindly grope.

5. O glorious refuge from the heat!
An hiding place from ſtormy wind,
May we thy praiſe O Lord repeat,
Who art, waſt, will be ſtill our friend!

HYMN CX.

1 O LORD, thy goodneſs we admire,
That ſent our bleſſed Saviour down,
To ſave us from eternal fire,
And bring us to an heav'nly crown.

2 The glorious Saviour of mankind
Did once for ſinful men atone,
That we thro' him might pardon find,
And be acknowledg'd for his own.

3 We that were bound in heavy chains,
Are now ſet free by Chriſt our king;
His love we know, what then remains,
But that our ſouls his praiſes ſing?

4. We that deſerv'd the ſecond death,
That ſtood expos'd to miſery,
Are call'd to praiſe him with our breath
Who ſets our ſouls at liberty.

5. We by his croſs Salvation gain,
And thro' his death are made to live;
All glory to the Lamb once ſlain,
Who doth to men ſuch bleſſings give.

HYMN CXI. FOR NEW YEARS DAY.

1. AND now the year ſalutes our eyes,
Come raiſe a joyful ſound
To him who made the earth and ſkies,
And turns the ſeaſons round.

2. Sing to the Lord a ſong moſt new,
And ſpeak his worthy fame;
His ways are holy, juſt, and true,
Give glory to his name!

3. He ſent his darling Son to die,
To ſave our ſouls from death;
Let us our Saviour magnify,
While we have life and breath.

4. This glorious theme ſhall ſtill employ,
Our hearts our ſouls and tongues,
Till in the world of endleſs joy,
We raiſe our nobler ſongs.

5. Thus we begin the happy year
In this moſt heav'nly frame;
Oh may our minds continue here,
Thro' all our lives the ſame!

HYMN CXII. The Name of Jesus.

1. HOW ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds
In a believer's ear?
It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis Manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3. Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding place;

My

My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4. By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with ſin defil'd;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5. Jeſus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt and King;
My Lord, my Life, my way, my end,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

6. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art
I'll praiſe thee as I ought!

7. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

HYMN CXIII.

For the last Evening in the Year.

1. THE Lord our Salvation and light,
The guide and the ſtrength of our days:
Has brought us together to night,
A new Ebenezer to raiſe:
The year we have now paſſed thro'
His goodneſs with bleſſings has crown'd;
ach morning his mercies were new,
Then let our thankſgivings abound. 2 En-

2. Encompaſs'd with dangers and ſnares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints;
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,
His hand open'd wide to our wants:
We never beſought him in vain,
When burden'd with ſorrow or ſin,
He help'd us again and again,
Or where, before now had we been?

3. His goſpel, throughout the long year,
From ſabbath to ſabbath he gave;
How oft has he met with us here,
And ſhown himſelf mighty to ſave?
His candleſtick has been remov'd
From churches once priviledg'd thus;
But tho' we unworthy have prov'd,
It ſtill is continu'd to us.

4. For ſo many mercies receiv'd,
Alas! what returns have we made?
His Spirit we often have griev'd,
And evil for good have repaid;
How well it becomes us to cry,
"Oh, who is a God like to thee?
"Who paſſeſt iniquities by,
"And plungeſt them deep in the Sea!"

5. To Jeſus, who ſits on the throne,
Our beſt hallelujah's we bring,
To thee it is owing alone,
That we are permitted to ſing:
Aſſiſt us, we pray, to lament
The ſins of the year that is paſt!
And grant that the next may be ſpent
Far more to thy praiſe than the laſt.

HYMN CXIV.

The Barren Fig-Tree.

THE church a garden is, in which believers ſtand,
Like ornamental trees planted by God's own hand;
His Spirit waters all their roots,
And every branch abounds with fruits.

2 But other trees there are in this incloſure grow,
Which tho' they promiſe fair have only leaves to ſhow:
No fruits of grace are on them found,
They are but cumb'rers of the ground.

3 The under-gard'ner grieves, in vain his ſtrength he ſpends,
For heaps of uſeleſs leaves afford him ſmall amends:
He hears the Lord his will make known,
To cut the barren fig-tree down.

4 How difficult his poſt! what pangs his bowels move,
To find his wiſhes croſt, his efforts uſeleſs prove!
His laſt relief is earneſt pray'r,
Lord ſpare them yet another year.

5 Spare them, and let me try what further means may do;
I'll freſh manure apply, my digging I'll renew:
Who knows, but yet they fruit may yield?
If not----'tis juſt they muſt be fell'd.

6 If under means of grace no fruits of grace appear,
It is a dreadful caſe, tho' God may long forbear,
At length he'll ſtrike the threat'ned blow,
And lay the barren fig-tree low.

HYMN

HYMN CXV.

DESIRING TO LOVE GOD ABOVE ALL.

1 AND is it yet dear Lord, a doubt,
If in my breaſt thou reign'ſt alone?
O find the lurking rival out!
And drag the traitor from the throne.

2 Would earth's deluſive trifling charms,
Aſſume a pow'r above thy name?
Stab each uſurper in my arms,
And vindicate thy rightful claim.

3 By purchaſe, duty, every tie,
Yea choice itſelf, Lord I am thine;
Maintain thy right or let me die,
Ere from thy love my ſoul decline.

4 If my unſteady heart would rove,
(And well thou know'ſt it's treach'rous frame)
If any thing I'm prone to love
Would ſhare or quench the ſacred flame;

5. Chaſe the curs'd object from my ſoul,
Thence, thence, the twining miſchief tear;
Reign thou the ſov'reign of the whole,
Be Lord of ev'ry motion there.

HYMN CXVI.

1 COME thou bleſt Jeſus fill my heart,
With love's immortal fire;
Then ſhall my ſoul ſoon take her part
With the celeſtial choir.

2 How

2 How do the peaceful regions ring,
With one melodious voice!
And all their ſongs are to my King,
And ſhall not I rejoice?

3 Awake my ſoul and join the ſong,
With angels round the throne;
Eternity w'ont be too long
To make his glories known.

H Y M N CXVII.

1 A THOUSAND foes prepare to war,
againſt a feeble ſaint;
Jeſus in my behalf appear,
And cheer me leſt I faint.

2 Give me an heart divorc'd from ſin,
Shut up from worldly care;
Conſtant, ſincere, and fervent in
The exerciſe of pray'r.

3. Watchful in ev'ry work and word,
Ready to ſpeak thy praiſe;
Arm'd with thy ſpirit's two edg'd ſword,
And cloth'd with ev'ry grace.

4 Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
A conſtant jealous care;
Leſt I from the right path ſhould err,
Or fall into a ſnare.

5 To ev'ry earthly object dead;
Alive to things above;

Conform'd

Conform'd unto my living head,
And fill'd with burning love.

6 Let furious heats no more moleſt,
Nor paſſions chafe my mind;
Quench all ill tempers in my breaſt,
And make me meek and kind.

7 Grant me a ſerious, ſober mind,
From levity ſet free;
That I may ſhew to all mankind
Thine image, Lord in me.

8 Aſſume in me thy dwelling place,
Thy temple and thy throne;
Then ſtubborn ſelf ſhall bend to grace,
And Antichriſt fall down.

HYMN CXVIII.

The Infant Saviour;

1, HARK! whence that ſound, hark! hark! the joyful ſhoutings;
See! ſee! what ſplendor ſpreads its beams around us,
Turning dark midnight into noon-tide glory,
As it approaches.

2. With pomp majeſtic, ſee the heav'nly viſion,
Slowly deſcending; whilſt attendant angels,
Pour acclamations; and celeſtial chauntings,
Wake our attention.

3. Fear

3. Fear not ye ſhepherds, 'tis the PRINCE of PEACE
Full of compaſſion--full of love and pity: [comes,
Bringing ſalvation, for the loſt of mankind;
For ruin'd nature.

4. Go pay your homage to your infant SAVIOUR,
Laid in a manger; view the LORD of glory,
Meanly attended; yet THE GREAT REDEEMER!
Yon ſtar ſhall guide you.

5. Give GOD the glory, all ye hoſts celeſtial,
Peace dwells on earth, and man enjoys HIS favour;
Rais'd from death's dungeon--heir to life eternal,
Through a Mediator.

6. O! may impreſſions of HIS boundleſs mercy,
Ever remind me, of my grateful duty;
Sweet the employment to proclaim HIS goodneſs,
And ſing HIS praiſes.

HYMN 119. The Promis'd Land.

1. FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of night,
Unbounded glories riſe,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2. There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns.

3. No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!

For ſin, the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4. There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But glory from the ſacred throne
Spreads everlaſting day.

5. O may the heav'nly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and ſtrong deſire,
Bear ev'ry thought above.

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our ſpirits riſe and join
The chorus of the ſky.

HYMN 120.

1 THERE is a land of living joy,
Beyond the utmoſt ſkies,
Where ſcenes of bliſs without alloy,
In boundleſs proſpects riſe.

2. High ſeated on a blazing throne
Th' eternal God appears,
Puts all his ſmiling glories on,
And awes at once, and chears.

3. The ſlaughter'd Lamb at his right hand
Aſſumes his royal ſeat,
Adoring Angels round him ſtand,
His miniſters of ſtate.

4. Each

4. Each breaſt with ſtrong devotion glows,
Love ev'ry heart inſpires,
While God's own Spirit gently blows,
And fans thoſe holy fires.

5. In ſtrains celeſtial ev'ry tongue
Shall God's high praiſe proclaim:
And all in concert join the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

6. The Hallelujahs once begun
No pauſe nor end ſhall know,
But joy and harmony in one
Perpetual tranſport flow.

7. A conſtant bloom in ev'ry face,
Shall age and death defy;
And grace, free grace, rich, boundleſs grace
Shall always be the cry.

HYMN 121.

1 COME Lord and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of Heav'n impart
Their influence to our ſong.

2. Then to the ſhining ſeats of bliſs
The wings of faith ſhall ſoar,
And all the charms of Paradiſe
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

3. Pleaſures unfully'd flouriſh there,
Beyond the reach of time;
Not blooming Eden ſmil'd ſo fair
In all her flow'ry prime.

4. Sorrow

4. Sorrow and pain and ev'ry care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy and love ſincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

5. The ſoul from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn it's pow'r no more;
But cloth'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

6. There ſhall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

7. Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
Till in thy bliſsful courts above
We join th' Angelic choir.

HYMN 122.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2. There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs;
Death like a narrow ſea divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood,
Stand dreſt in living green;

So

So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea,
And linger ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6. Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſcape o'er,
Not Jordan's ſtreams, nor Death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the ſhore.

HYMN 123. The humble Worſhip of Heaven.

1. FATHER, I long, I faint to ſee
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy ſeat, my God!

2. Here I behold thy diſtant face,
And 'tis a pleaſing ſight:
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3. I'd part with all the joys of ſenſe,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

4. There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

5. Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they ſhrink to Nothing there,
Before th' Eternal All.

6. There I would vie with all the hoſt,
In duty and in bliſs,
While leſs than nothing I could boaſt,
And vanity confeſs.

7. The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes,
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink, my joys ſhall riſe
Unmeaſurably high.

HYMN 124.

1. BEHOLD! the bright morning appears,
And Jeſus revives from the grave;
His riſing removes all our fears,
And ſhews him almighty to ſave.
How ſtrong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect his ſacrifice is,
Who roſe, tho' he ſuffer'd for ſin!

2. The man who was crowned with thorns,
The man who on Calvary dy'd,

The

The man who bore ſcourging and ſcorns,
Whom ſinners agreed to deride;
Now bleſſed forever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head,
Heav'n ſings of the Lamb that was ſlain.

3. Believing we ſhare in his joy;
By faith we partake of his reſt;
With this we can chearfully die;
For with him we hope to be bleſt.
This makes us regardleſs of fame,
And riches and honours deſpiſe;
We ſuffer for Jeſus's name,
That dying with him we may riſe.

4. We wait for his coming again,
To raiſe us in glory with him;
Then gladneſs his ſaints ſhall obtain,
His foes ſhall be clothed with ſhame.
Then ſhall his afflicted and poor,
From duſt and the dung-hill be rais'd,
Their want and diſgrace are no more;
With Princes they then ſhall be plac'd.

5. Then will he moſt fully reward
The kindneſſes done to his name;
For faithfully he hath declar'd
He takes them as favours to him.
" Ye bleſt of my Father come near,
" Inherit the heavenly throne;
" This joy did my Father prepare,
" For thoſe who delight in his ſon."

6. Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up his croſs;
His ſervants ſhall be where he is,
And all that we loſe is but droſs:
They're honour'd whom he ſhall approve,
Their riches ſhall never decay;
Their joy is compleat in his love,
Their tears ſhall be all wip'd away.

HYMN 125.

1. JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-preſs treads alone!
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan:
Lo the pow'rs of Heav'n he ſhakes,
Nature in convulſion lies;
Earth's profoundeſt center quakes,
The Great Redeemer dies.

2. Dies the glorious cauſe of all,
The true eternal Pan;
Falls to raiſe us from our fall,
To ranſom ſinful man.
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the ſuff'rer ſympathize;
Leave the world in ſudden night,
While his Creator dies.

3. O my God, he dies for me;
I feel the mortal ſmart!
See him hanging on a tree!
A ſight that breaks my heart!
Oh that all to thee might turn!

Sinners,

Sinners, ye may love him too ;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For him who bled for you!

4. Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love!
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above.
Lives our head, to die no more,
Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n ;
Worship'd as he was before,
Th' immortal King of Heav'n.

HYMN 126.

1. JESUS, my All to Heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view,

2. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment ;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3. No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of this world, and sin ;
No Lion, no devouring care,
No sin, nor sorrow shall be there ;

4. No ; Nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling souls, may I be one ;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in this way be found.

5. This

5. This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

6. The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more;
Until I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul, I am the Way."

7. Lo glad I come, and thou bleſt Lamb,
Will take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love would I receive.

8. Then will I tell to ſinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "Behold the way to God!"

HYMN 127. The happineſs of being with Chriſt.

1. WHILE on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand,
My ſpirit ſtruggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2. Where Jeſus dwells my ſoul would be;
And faints my much lov'd Lord to ſee;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3. Come ye angelic convoys come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;

Ye

Ye know the way to Jesu's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4. That blissful interview how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to see his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

5. As with a Seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a Cherub's wing!
Performing with unweary'd hands
The present Saviour's high commands.

6. Yet with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a Heav'n begun below.

HYMN 128. Salvation approaching.

1. AWAKE, ye Saints, and lift your eyes,
And raise your voices high,
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shews Salvation nigh.

2. On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3. Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4. Ye

4. Ye wheels of nature ſpeed your courſe;
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
Faſt as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 129. Treaſure in Heaven.

1. LUKE warm ſouls, the foe grows ſtronger,
See what hoſts your camp ſurround!
Arm to battle, lag no longer;
Hark! the ſilver trumpets ſound!
Wake, ye ſleepers; wake! what mean you?
Sin beſets you round about:
Up, and ſearch; the world's within you;
Slay, or chaſe the traytor out.

2. What enchants you? pelf? or pleaſure?
Pluck right eyes; with right hands part:
Aſk your conſcience, where's your treaſure?
For be certain there's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit:
Lo! the bloody flag's unfurl'd.
That baſe heart (the word has ſaid it)
Loves not God, that loves the world.

3. God and Mammon? Oh! be wiſer!
Serve them both? it cannot be.
Eaſe in warfare, Saint and Miſer,
Theſe will never well agree.
Shun the ſhame of foully falling
Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay;
Prove your faith; make ſure your calling:
Wield the ſword; and win the day.

4. Forward

4. Forward preſs towards perfection:
Watch, and pray; and all things prove;
Seek to know your God's election;
Search his everlaſting love.
Dread backſliding, ſcorn diſſembling.
Now Salvation's near in view;
Work it out with fear and trembling;
'Tis your God that works in you.

HYMN CXXX.

DISMISSION.

1. DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word.
All that has been amiſs forgive;
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Tho' we are guilty thou art good.
Waſh all our works in Jeſu's blood.
Give ev'ry fetter'd ſoul releaſe;
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN CXXXI.

1. ONCE more before we part,
We'll bleſs the Saviour's name.
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
Sing, ev'ry tongue, the ſame.

2. Hoard up his ſacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow:
Go on, and ſeek to know the Lord;
And practiſe what you know.

HYMN CXXXII.

The Christian Armour.

1. GIRD thy loins up, chriſtian ſoldier,
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out;
Let the danger make thee bolder;
War in weakneſs, dare in doubt:
Buckle on thy heav'nly armour,
Patch up no inglorious peace:
Let thy courage wax the warmer,
As thy foes and fears increaſe.

2. Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth to keep thee firm and tight;
Never ſhall the foe confound thee
While the truth maintains thy fight.
Righteouſneſs within thee rooted
Muſt appear to take thy part,
Righteouſneſs by GOD imputed
Is the breaſt plate for the heart.

3, Shod with goſpel-preparation
In the paths of promiſe tread,
Let the hope of free ſalvation,
As a helmet guard thy head.
When beſet with various evils,
Wield the Spirit's two edg'd ſword;
Cut thy way thro' hoſts of Devils:
While they fall before the Word.

4. But when dangers cloſer threaten,
And thy ſoul draws near to death;
When aſſaulted ſore by Satan,
Then object the ſhield of faith; Fi'ry

Fi'ry darts of fierce temptations,
Intercepted by thy GOD,
There ſhall loſe their force in patience,
Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.

5. Tho' to ſpeak thou be not able,
Always pray, and never reſt;
Pray'r's a weapon for the feeble,
Weakeſt ſouls can wield it beſt.
Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worſt condition known;
He ſhall hold thee up when falling,
Or ſhall lift thee up when down.

HYMN CXXXXIII.

1. HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When JESUS no longer I ſee!
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds, and ſweet flow'rs,
Have loſt all their ſweetneſs with me:
The mid-ſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleaſant as May.

2. His name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I ſhould were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

3. Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſign'd;
No changes of ſeaſon or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bleſt with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And priſons would palaces prove,
If JESUS would dwell with me there.

4. Dear LORD, if indeed, I am thine,
If thou art my ſun and my ſong;
Say, why do I languiſh and pine,
And why are my winters ſo long?
O drive theſe dark clouds from my ſky,
Thy ſoul-chearing preſence reſtore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN CXXXIV.

1. REJOICE, the LORD is King,
Your GOD and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice!

2. JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
The GOD of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

3. His

3. His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

4. He sits at GOD's right hand,
Till all his foes submit
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

5. He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

6. Rejoice in glorious hope,
JESUS the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' Arch-angel's voice,
The trump of GOD shall sound, Rejoice.

HYMN CXXXV.

MERCY COMES TO THE MISERABLE.

1. CAN we behold without amaze
Our dear REDEEMER's love?
Most marvellous are all his ways!
His goodness shines above.

2. To mortal worms he ſhows his grace,
And makes his mercies known;
On us the glories of his face
Moſt wond'roufly have ſhone.

3. 'Tis of his mercy that we live,
And favours thus poſſeſs;
'Tis mercy freely doth us give
The gift of righteouſneſs.

4. Mercy doth to the worthleſs come,
Or we could not receive;
In the REDEEMER there is room
For ſinners who believe.

5. Mercy reſpects mere wretchedneſs,
And perfect miſery;
CHRIST liv'd, dy'd, roſe, poor men to bleſs.
And ſet the helpleſs free.

HYMN CXXXVI.

THE SAME.

1. MERCY is welcome news indeed,
To thoſe that guilty ſtand:
Wretches that feel what help they need,
Will bleſs the helping hand.

2. Who rightly would his alms diſpoſe,
Muſt give them to the Poor:
None but the Wounded patient knows
The comforts of his cure.

3. We

3. We all have ſinn'd againſt our GOD;
Exception none can boaſt:
But he that feels the heavieſt load,
Will prize forgiveneſs moſt.

4. No reck'ning can we rightly keep;
For who the ſums can know?
Some ſouls are fifty pieces deep;
And ſome five hundred owe.

5. But let our debts be what they may,
However great, or ſmall;
As ſoon as we have nought to pay,
Our LORD forgives us all.

6. 'Tis perfect poverty alone,
That ſets the ſoul at large;
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full diſcharge.

HYMN CXXXVII.

1. HAPPY ſoul! that hears and follows
JESUS ſpeaking in his word:
Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
All are his in CHRIST the LORD.
Ev'ry ſtate, howe'er diſtreſſing,
Shall be profit in the end;
Ev'ry ordinance a bleſſing;
Ev'ry Providence a friend.

2. Chriſtian doſt thou want a teacher,
Helper, Counſeller, or Guide?
Would'ſt thou find a proper preacher?
Aſk thy GOD, and he'll provide:

Build

Build on no man's parts or merit,
But behold the gospel plan:
JESUS sends his Holy Spirit;
And the Spirit sends the man.

3. Bless dear LORD, each lab'ring servant,
Bless the work they undertake;
Make them able, faithful, fervent;
Bless them for thy church's sake.
All things for our good are given,
Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods;
All is ours in earth and Heaven;
We are CHRIST's; and CHRIST is GOD's.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

TEMPTATION.

1. YE tempted souls, reflect
Whose name 'tis you profess;
Your master's lot you must expect,
Temptations more or less.

2. Dream not of faith so clear
As shuts all doubting out;
Remember Satan once could dare
To tempt ev'n CHRIST to doubt.

3. "If thou'rt the Son of GOD,
(O, what an IF was there!)
"These stones here speak them into food,
"And make that sonship clear."

4. View that amazing scene!
Say, could the tempter try

To

To ſhake a tree ſo ſound, ſo green?
Good GOD, defend the dry.

5. Think not he now will fail
To make us ſhrink and droop;
Our faith he daily will aſſail,
And daſh our very hope.

6. That impious IF he thus
At GOD Incarnate threw,
No wonder if he caſt at Us,
And make us feel it too.

7. To cauſe deſpair's the ſcope
Of Satan and his pow'rs;
Againſt hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, muſt be ours.

8. Buts, Ifs, and Hows are hurl'd,
To ſink us with the gloom
Of all that's diſmal in this world,
Or in the world to come.

9. But here's our point of reſt;
Tho' hard the battle ſeem,
Our captain ſtood the fi'ry teſt,
And we ſhall ſtand thro' him.

HYMN CXXXIX.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1. ONCE more the conſtant ſun, revolving round his ſphere,
His ſteady courſe has run, and brings another year:
He

He riſes, ſets, but goes not back;
Nor ever quits his deſtin'd track.

2. Hence let believers learn to keep a forward pace;
Be this our main concern, to finiſh well our race.
Backſlidings ſhun, with patience preſs
Towards the ſun of righteouſneſs.

3. What now ſhall be our taſk? or rather what our pray'r?
What good thing ſhall we aſk, to proſper this new year?
With one accord our hearts we'll lift;
And aſk our LORD ſome new-year's gift.

4. No trifling gift or ſmall ſhould friends of CHRIST deſire;
Rich LORD, beſtow on all pure gold, well try'd by fire;
Faith that ſtands faſt, when devils roar;
And love which laſts for evermore.

HYMN CXL.

The Prodigal.

1. NOW for a wond'rous ſong!
(Keep diſtance ye profane,
Be ſilent each unhallow'd tongue;
Nor turn the truth to bane.)

2. The prodigal's return'd,
Th' apoſtate bold and baſe;
That all his father's counſels ſpurn'd,
And long abus'd his grace.

3. What

3. What treatment ſince he came?
Love tenderly expreſs'd:
What robe is brought to hide his ſhame?
The beſt, the very beſt.

4. Rich food the ſervants bring;
Sweet muſic charms his ears:
See what a beauteous coſtly ring,
The beggar's finger wears!

5. Ye elder ſons, be ſtill;
Give no bad paſſion vent,
My brethren, 'tis our father's will,
And you muſt be content.

6. All that he has is yours;
Rejoice then, not repine:
That love that all YOUR ſtates ſecures,
That love has alter'd MINE.

7. Good GOD, are theſe thy ways?
If rebels thus are freed,
And favour'd with peculiar grace,
Grace muſt be free indeed.

HYMN CXLI.

SAVING FAITH.

1. THE ſinner that truly believes,
And truſts in his crucify'd GOD,
His juſtification receives,
Redemption in full through his blood:

Tho'

Tho' thouſands and thouſands of foes,
Againſt him in malice unite,
Their rage he through CHRIST can oppoſe,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2. The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings ſuch ſalvation as this,
Is more than mere notion, or name,
The work of GOD's Spirit it is:
A principle active and young,
That lives under preſſure and load;
That makes out of weakneſs more ſtrong,
And draws the ſoul upward to GOD.

3. It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquiſhes death and deſpair;
And (what is ſtill ſtranger to tell)
It overcomes Heaven by pray'r;
Permits a vile worm of the duſt,
With GOD to commune as a friend,
To hope his forgiveneſs as juſt,
And look for his love to the end.

4. It ſays to the mountains Depart,
That ſtand betwixt GOD and the ſoul:
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes their ſore conſciences whole;
Bids ſins of a crimſon like dye,
Be ſpotleſs as ſnow, and as white,
And makes ſuch a ſinner as I
As pure as an Angel of Light.

HYMN

HYMN CXLII.

The Outcasts of Israel.

1. LORD, pity outcasts vile and base,
The poor dependants on thy grace,
Whom men disturbers call,
By sinners and by saints withstood,
For THESE too bad, for THOSE too good,
Condemn'd, or shun'd by all.

2. Tho' faithful Abr'ham us reject,
And tho' his ransom'd race, elect,
Agree to give us up;
Thou art our Father, and thy name
From everlasting is the fame;
On that we build our hope.

HYMN CXLIII.

Christ's Resurrection.

1. UPRISING from the darksome tomb
See the victorious Jesus come!
Th' Almighty pris'ner quits the pris'n,
And angels tell, the Lord is ris'n:
Angels, angels, angels, angels,
Angels tell the Lord is ris'n.

2. Believers, hail your rising Head;
The first begotten from the dead;
Your resurrection's sure, thro' HIS,
To endless life, and boundless bliss:
Endless, endless, endless, endless,
Endless life, and boundless bliss.

HYMN CXLIV.

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S ALL.

1. LAMB of GOD, we fall before thee,
Humbly truſting in thy croſs;
That alone be all our glory,
All things elſe are dung and droſs,
Thee we own a perfect Saviour;
Only ſource of all that's good:
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour,
Come to us thro' JESU's blood.

2. JESUS gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit ſent from Heav'n;
JESUS whiſpers this ſweet ſentence,
"Son, thy ſins are all forgiv'n!"
Faith he gives us to believe it:
Grateful hearts his love to prize.
Want we wiſdom? he muſt give it;
Hearing ears, and ſeeing eyes.

3. JESUS gives us pure affections;
Wills to do what he requires:
Makes us follow his directions;
And what he commands inſpires.
All our pray'rs, and all our praiſes
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them, is JESUS;
He that anſwers, is the ſame.

4. When we live on JESU's merit,
Then we worſhip God aright;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we ſavingly unite.

Hear

Hear the whole concluſion of it;
Great or good whate'er we call,
God, or Chriſt, or Prieſt, or Prophet,
JESUS CHRIST is all in all.

HYMN CXLV.

Faith and Repentance.

1. JESUS is our God, and Saviour,
Guide, and counſeller, and friend;
Bearing all our miſbehaviour,
Kind and loving to the end.
Truſt him, he will not deceive us
Tho' we of him hardly deem;
He will never, never leave us,
Unleſs we do firſt leave him.

2. View him in the doleful garden;
View him on the bloody tree,
Dearly purchaſing a pardon,
For his people full and free.
View him now in heaven ſitting,
Interceding for us there,
Not a moment intermitting
His compaſſion and his care.

3, Nothing but thy blood, O JESUS,
Can relieve us from our ſmart;
Nothing elſe from guilt releaſe us;
Nothing elſe can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a ſenſe of blood-bought pardon
Soon diſſolves a heart of ſtone.

4. 'Tis a safe, tho' deep compunction,
Thy repenting people feel;
Love and grief compound an unction,
Both to cleanse our wounds and heal.
Balm is useless to th' unfeeling;
And repentance without faith
Is a sore, that never healing
Frets and rankles unto death.

5. JESUS, all our consolations
Flow from thee the sov'reign good;
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
Come to us thro' thine own blood:
We have nothing of our own,
Freely thou delights to give them,
To the needy who have none.

6. Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair:
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.
Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please;
But defend, defend us, JESUS,
From security and ease.

7. Softly to thy garden lead us,
To behold thy bloody sweat:
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed us,
Let us not the cost forget:
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed
By the Spirit, in our ears,
Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,
Melt in sympathetic tears.

HYMN CXLVI.

1. COME ye Chriſtians, ſing the praiſes
Of your condeſcending GOD;
Come, and hymn the holy JESUS,
Who hath waſh'd us in his blood.
We are poor, and weak, and ſilly,
And to ev'ry evil prone;
Yet our JESUS loves us freely,
And receives us for his own.

2. Tho' we're mean in man's opinion,
CHRIST hath made us prieſts and kings:
Pow'r, and glory, and dominion
To the Lamb, the ſinner ſings.
Leprous ſouls, unſound and filthy,
Come before him as you are;
'Tis the ſick man, not the healthy,
Needs the good phyſician's care.

3. Hear the terms that never vary;
"To repent, and to believe;"
Both of theſe are neceſſary,
Both from JESUS we receive:
Would'ſt thou be a Chriſtian? ponder
Theſe in thine impartial mind;
And let no man put aſunder
What the LORD has wiſely join'd.

4. Oh! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy tears;
Are the ſhip-wreck'd ſav'd by ſinking?
Can the ruin'd riſe by fears?

Oh! beware of truſt ill-grounded!
'Tis but fancy'd faith at moſt,
To be cur'd, and not be wounded;
To be ſav'd before you're loſt.

5. No big words of empty TALKERS;
No dry doctrine will ſuffice;
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
Theſe are dear in JESU's eyes:
Tinkling ſounds of diſputation,
Naked knowledge all are vain;
Ev'ry ſoul that gains ſalvation
Muſt, and ſhall be born again.

HYMN CXLVII.

1. LET us aſk th' important queſtion,
(Brethren be not too ſecure)
What it is to be a Chriſtian?
How we may our hearts aſſure?
Vain is all our beſt devotion,
If on falſe foundations built;
True religion's more than notion;
Something muſt be known and felt.

2. 'Tis to truſt, our well beloved
In his blood has waſh'd us clean;
'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
Tho' we feel it riſe within:
To believe that all is finiſh'd,
Tho' ſo much remains t' endure;
Find the dangers undiminiſh'd,
Yet to hold deliv'rance ſure.

3. 'Tis

3. 'Tis to credit contradictions;
Talk with him one never sees;
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease:
'Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the victʼry hope to gain:
To believe that CHRIST has cleans'd us,
Tho' the leprosy remain.

4. 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
Prompting us to secret prayʼr;
To rejoice in JESU's merit,
Yet continual sorrow bear:
To receive a full remission
Of our sins forevermore,
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
Begging mercy evʼry hour.

5. To be stedfast in believing,
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake;
Evʼry moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak,
To be fighting, fleeing, turning,
Ever sinking, yet to swim;
To converse with JESUS, mourning
For ourselves, or else for him.

HYMN CXLVIII.

For Christmas.

1. AS shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
Promiscously seated estranged from sleep,

An

An angel from Heaven preſented to ſight,
And thus he accoſted the watchers by night;
Diſpel all your ſorrows, and baniſh your fears.
For Jeſus your Saviour in Jewry appears.

2. Tho' Adam the firſt in rebellion was found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground;
Yet Adam the ſecond appears to retrieve
The loſs you ſuſtain'd by the Devil and Eve.
Then ſhepherds be tranquil this inſtant ariſe,
Go viſit your Saviour, and ſee where he lies.

3. A token I leave you, whereby you may find
This heavenly ſtranger, this friend to mankind;
A manger's his cradle, a ſtall his abode,
The oxen are near him, and blow on your God.
Then ſhepherds be humble, be meek, and lie low,
For Jeſus your Saviour's abundantly ſo.

4. This wonderful ſtory ſcarce cool'd on the ear,
When thouſands of angels in glory appear;
They join in the concert, and this was the theme,
All glory to God, and good will towards men.
Then ſhepherds ſtrike in, join your voice to the choir,
And catch a few ſparks of celeſtial fire.

5. Hoſanna! the angels in extacy cry,
Hoſanna! the wondering ſhepherds reply;
Salvation, redemption, are center'd in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son.
Then ſhepherds, adieu, we commend you to God;
Go viſit the Son in his humble abode.

6. To

6. To Bethlehem city the ſhepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard;
They enter'd the ſtable with aſpect ſo mild,
And there they beheld, both the mother and child.
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That gentle and ſimple may hear of the Lord.

HYMN CXLIX.

1. COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
ANTIENT OF DAYS.

2. JESUS, our LORD, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd:
LORD, hear our call!

3. Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our pray'r attend!
Come! and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
Spirit of Holineſs
On us deſcend!

4. Come,

4. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

5. To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence---evermore!
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

HYMN CL. PSALM 17.

1. LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spight against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2. Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3. What sinners value, I resign;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand compleat in righteousness.

4. This

4. This life's a dream, an empty ſhow;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake and find me there?

5. O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my God!
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6. My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
'Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound;
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurprize,
And in my SAVIOUR's image riſe.

HYMN CLI.

PRAISE TO GOD THROUGH THE WHOLE OF OUR EXISTENCE.

1. GOD of my life, thro' all my days,
My grateful pow'rs would ſound thy praiſe;
The ſong ſhall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the ſilent night.

2. When anxious cares would break my reſt,
And grief would tear my throbbing breaſt,
Thy tuneful praiſe I'll raiſe on high,
And check the murmur, and the ſigh.

3. When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail;
Joy thro' my ſwimming eyes ſhall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak.

4. But O! when that laſt conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to fleſh no more
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

5. Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing Seraphs round the throne.

HYMN CLII.

A WELCOME TO CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

1 KINDRED in CHRIST, for his dear ſake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give!

2. To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the SAVIOUR's precious name;
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end, the ſame.

3. May he, by whoſe kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications ſweet,
And cauſe our hearts to burn with love!

4. Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Chriſtians ſee each other thus;
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and roſe for us.

5. We'll

5. We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6. Thus, as the moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder and adore.
LORD, haſten on the glorious day,
When we ſhall meet to part no more!

HYMN CLIII.

To the Holy Ghost.

1. STAY, thou inſulted Spirit ſtay;
Tho' I have done thee ſuch deſpite
Caſt not a ſinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting flight.

2. Tho' I have moſt unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs griev'd:

3. But O! the chief of ſinners ſpare,
In honour of my great high Prieſt;
Nor in thy righteous anger ſwear
T' exclude me from thy people's reſt.

4. If yet thou canſt my ſins forgive,
Ev'n now O LORD, relieve my woes;
Me to thy reſt of love receive,
And bleſs me with a calm repoſe.

5. Ev'n now my weary ſoul releaſe,
And raiſe me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promiſ'd land.

HYMN CLIV.

IS THIS THY KINDNESS TO THY FRIEND?

1. POOR, weak, and worthleſs though I am,
I have a rich Almighty Friend;
JESUS, the SAVIOUR, is his name,
He loves me freely without end.

2. He ranſom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controull'd;
He found me wand'ring far from GOD,
And brought me to his choſen fold.

3. He cheers my heart, my wants ſupplies,
And ſays that I ſhall ſhortly be
Enthron'd with him above the ſkies,
Oh! what a Friend is CHRIST to me!

4. But ah! my inward ſpirit mourns!
(And well mine eyes with tears may ſwim)
To think of my perverſe returns;
I've been a faithleſs friend to him.

5. Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, diſtruſt, and diſobey;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can ſay.

6. He

6. He bids me always freely come,
And promiſes whate'er I aſk;
But I am ſtraiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a taſk.

7. Before the world that hates his courſe,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with ſhame;
Loth to forego the world's applauſe,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8. Sure were not I moſt vile and baſe,
I could not thus my Friend requite,
And were not He the GOD of grace,
He'd frown and ſpurn me from his ſight.

HYMN. CLV.

1. THY love, O JESUS! is a theme
That never never ſhall grow old;
That love which doth from ſin redeem
Is new ten thouſand times thrice told.

2. Thy love makes us count all things loſs,
To ſcorned poverty gives charms;
Makes martyrs bold, e'en on the croſs,
And, ſinging triumph, reach thy arms.

3. When thy love glows upon the heart
Diſgrace forgets her ſhocking name;
Afflictions loſe their deadly ſmart,
And patience ſmiles amidſt the flame:

4. Salvation ſounds from racks and ſtakes,
Hope blunts the ſword's devouring edge;

Severeſt torture joy partakes
Of heav'nly bliſs the welcome pledge.

5 Broad Heav'n and earth ſhall ſing of thee,
And their melodious numbers raiſe;
We'll make thy name remember'd be,
Th' eternal centre of all praiſe.

HYMN CLVI.

1. YE nations hear, 'tis Heav'n doth call;
Ye kings, ye ſlaves, of ev'ry tongue,
Give ear; the theme concerns you all;
The great Salvation is my ſong.

2. 'Tis not for this or t'other realm,
'Tis no ſuch mean contracted ſcheme:
Let ev'ry tongue adopt the Pſalm,
The common ſafety is my theme.

3. The grand deliv'rance then diſplay'd,
By GOD's dear Son, the prince of peace,
When riſing from the grave, he ſaid
To his elev'n, with lips of grace,

4. "Ye ſee I live, who once was ſlain:
"Tell all the world the gladſome news,
"That GOD is love, and loves all men,
"Barbarians, Greeks, as well as Jews.

5. "In deſerts, towns, to ev'ry kind,
"O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry plain,
"Tell my Salvation's not confin'd
"To any rank or ſort of men.

6. "Speak

6. " Speak boldly in my name to all;
" My word with equal force prevails
" On wiſe, on fools, on great, on ſmall;
" The mountains level, raiſe the vales.

7. " Regard not how the news will pleaſe
" The ſons of pride, who make their boaſt
" Of wiſdom, wealth, and worldly eaſe;
" Nor think your labour will be loſt.

8. " Dream not in all th' apoſtate race
" A well diſpoſed heart to find,
" To welcome, or improve my grace;
" Hope nothing from the human mind.

9. " The great reward of all my pain
" Stands not on ſuch precarious ground;
" Or not one ſoul would life obtain,
" And all my pangs be fruitleſs found.

10. " He that ſurveys the heart of man,
" Who teſtifies 'tis only ill,
" Woul'd ne'er have form'd this ſaving plan
" On ought depending on his will:

11. Yet GOD in mercy purpos'd hath,
" (And GOD's Salvation ſtandeth ſure)
" To bleſs all nations; and my death
" Hath made their bleſſedneſs ſecure.

12. " All my redeem'd ſure mercies boaſt,
" For ſo his will that ſent me is,
" That thoſe he gave me be not loſt,
" But rais'd at laſt to endleſs bliſs."

13 The grace of GOD in JESUS ſhown,
Moſt ſure Salvation brings along.
" Salvation to our GOD alone,"
Of ev'ry tribe ſhall be the ſong.

14. Is any heart ſo black, ſo foul,
Excluded here? 'tis ſurely mine:
But who's that narrow-hearted ſoul
GOD's common ſafety dares confine?

15. Who dares confine it unto them
Who boaſt a will diſpos'd t' embrace?
Who boaſt a mind of better frame,
T' improve the influence of his grace?

16. Who can by merit GOD prevent?
Let him ſtand forth for recompence;
But, LORD, to me for ever grant
Preventing grace as my defence.

17. Be that redemption mine I pray,
Which guilty men in JESUS ſee;
That, with the whole redeem'd, I may
The praiſe of all aſcribe to thee.

HYMN CLVII.

1. O WHAT ſhall I do my SAVIOUR to praiſe!
So faithful and true, ſo plenteous in grace,
So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem
The weakeſt believer that hangs upon him.

2. How

2. How happy the man whose heart is set free!
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of JESUS's grace.

3. Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of GOD.

4. For thou art their boast their glory and pow'r;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

5. Yes, LORD, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy mercy to me shall soon be made known:
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

HYMN CLVIII.

1. HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2. Come,

2. Come, ſinners, view your Saviour dead;
And weep around his lonely tomb!
Your hope, your joy, your all is fled,
For ah! your Champion's overcome!
A conflict with the pow'rs of hell
Your Saviour did for you ſuſtain;
He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!
Break, hearts of flint! the Lamb is ſlain!

3. Here's love, and grief, beyond degree,
The LORD of Glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee,
JESUS, the dead, revives again!
The riſing GOD forſakes the tomb:
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

4. Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains;
Say; "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter--- "Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy victʼry, boaſting grave?"

HYMN. CLIX. GRACE.

1. MAGNIFICENT free grace, ariſe,
Outſhine the thoughts of ſhallow man;
Sov'reign, preventing all ſurprize,
To him that neither will'd nor ran.

2. Grand

2. Grand as the bosom whence thou flow'd,
Kind as the heart that gave thee vent
Rich as the gift that GOD bestow'd,
And lovely like the CHRIST he sent.

3. Sin reign'd to death; but over sin
And death, with more imperial sway,
Grace spreads her more extensive reign,
And doth eternal life convey.

4. For us Salvation wide displays
Her ample all-refreshing wing;
Safe in the shade, free grace we praise,
And all its peerless glories sing.

HYMN CLX. MERCY.

1. SEE matchless mercy from on high,
Descend to rebels doom'd to die;
'Tis mercy free, that knows no bound;
How grand, how gladsome is the sound!

2. While haughty mortals frown and fret,
Who sov'reign boundless mercy hate;
Thro' all the regions of the blest,
That mercy only is confest.

3. Until we join the happy throng,
Let boundless mercy be our song;
And may our lives with fruits abound,
To shew we know the joyful sound.

HYMN CLXI.

1. HE comes! he comes! the SAVIOUR comes!
Tremble, O earth, and burſt ye tombs!
Thou ſun in darkneſs veil thy rays,
To brighter glories of his face.

2. Behold, it comes! the Judgment comes!
The Judge his glory now aſſumes:
Shout, heav'n, and earth, and raging waves;
'Tis JESUS comes! his flock he ſaves.

3. It comes! it comes! the morning comes!
Give up the ſleeping duſt, O tombs!
Ye long forgotten dead, ariſe;
Meet JESUS coming in the ſkies.

4. Behold it comes! ſalvation comes!
Ye tenants of the duſty rooms
Awake, and ſing in heav'nly ſtrain;
Say, "Welcome JESUS, come and reign."

5. It comes! it comes! the kingdom comes!
The foes of JESUS meet their dooms:
Unmeaſur'd joys his people know,
And welcome him again below.

HYMN CLXII.

PRIDE.

1. INNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of GOD,

He

He feels within the weight of ſin,
A grievous galling load.

2. Temptations too without,
Of various kinds, aſſault,
Sly ſnares beſet his trav'ling feet,
And make him often halt.

3. From ſinner, and from ſaint,
He meets with many a blow:
His own bad heart creates him ſmart
Which only GOD can know.

4. But tho' the hoſt of hell
Be neither weak nor ſmall:
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
And hurts beyond them all,

5. 'Tis pride, accurſed pride,
That ſpir't by GOD abhorr'd;
Do what we will, it haunts us ſtill;
And keeps us from the LORD.

6. It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the ſoul with air;
The heart up-lifts with GOD's own gifts,
And makes ev'n grace a ſnare.

7. Awake--nay while we ſleep;
In all we think or ſpeak,
It puffs us glad, torments us ſad;
Its hold we cannot break.

8. In other ills we find
The hand of Heav'n not ſlack:

Pride

Pride only knows to interpoſe,
And keep our comforts back.

9. 'Tis hurtful, when perceiv'd:
When not perceiv'd, 'tis worſe,
Unſeen or ſeen it dwells within;
And works by fraud or force.

10. Againſt it's influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r;
Againſt it preach, it prompts the ſpeech;
Be ſilent, ſtill 'tis there.

11. This moment, while I write,
I feel it's pow'r within;
My heart it draws to ſeek applauſe,
And mixes all with ſin.

12. Thou meek and lowly LAMB,
This haughty tyrant kill;
That wounded thee, tho' thou waſt free,
And grieves thy Spirit ſtill.

13. Our condeſcending GOD,
(To whom elſe ſhall we go?)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide;
And lay and keep us low.

14. Thy garden is the place,
Where pride cannot intrude:
For ſhould it dare to enter there,
'Twould ſoon be drown'd in blood.

HYMN CLXIII.

1. THIS falſe; thou vile accuſer go,
(I ſee thro' all the thin diſguiſe—)
Back to thy deſtin'd realms below;
Thou parent of deceit and lies!

2. Think not to drive my trembling ſoul,
Laden with guilt, to black deſpair;
Haſt thou ſurvey'd the ſacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3. Preſumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's ſov'reign reign;
What other happy ſouls have found,
I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

4. I own my guilt, thy charge confeſs,
Nor can thy malice make it more;
Of crimes already numberleſs,
Vain the attempt to ſwell the ſcore!

5. Set the black liſt before my ſight;
While I remember JESUS dy'd,
'Twill only urge my ſpeedier flight,
To ſeek ſalvation at his ſide.

6. Low at his feet I'll caſt me down;
To him reveal my grief and fear;
And if he ſpurns me from his throne,
I'll be the firſt that periſh'd there.

HYMN CLXIV.

1. I Aſk'd the LORD that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his ſalvation know,
And ſeek more earneſtly his face.

2. 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray:
And he, I truſt, has anſwer'd pray'r:
But it has been in ſuch a way
As almoſt drove me to deſpair.

3. I hop'd that in ſome favour'd hour,
At once he'd grant me my requeſt;
And, by his love's conſtraining pow'r,
Subdue my ſins, and give me reſt.

4. Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Aſſault my ſoul in ev'ry part.

5. Yea more, with his own hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe:
Croſs'd all the fair deſigns I ſchem'd,
Blaſted my gourds, and laid me low.

6. LORD, why is this? I trembling cry'd;
Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?
'Tis in this way, the LORD reply'd,
I anſwer pray'r for grace and faith.

7. Theſe inward trials I employ
From ſelf and pride to ſet thee free,
To break thy ſchemes of worldly joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy ALL in me.

HYMN CLXV.

1. WHAT trumpet's this that sounds
Such glorious liberty,
To sinners through the blood of CHRIST,
And why not then for me?

2, JESUS dy'd to redeem
Poor sinners, and set free
The worst of traitors by his blood,
And therefore why not me?

3. CHRIST dy'd to bring to GOD
Such that at distance be;
The Just for the Unjust did die;
And why not then for me?

4. The Gospel holds forth CHRIST
To such that sinners be;
Yea, free redemption by his blood;
Why therefore not to me?

5. GOD did commend his love
To such that sinners be;
Yea, CHRIST for the ungodly dy'd,
And why not die for me?

6. CHRIST dy'd for enemies,
'Gainst GOD that rebels be;
And peace by blood for *all* is made;
And why not then for me?

7, There's righteousness in CHRIST,
Most infinitely free,
For needy sinners which was wrought;
And why not then for me?

8. And in this righteouſneſs
Sinners angels outſhine;
It covers all their fouleſt ſpots,
And why not cover mine?

9. So that GOD's holy eye
No ſpots in them can ſee;
This garment white it ſhines ſo bright;
And why not ſhine on me?

HYMN CLXVI.

1. RISE, *Zion*, ſhine, thy light is come,
The glorious day's begun;
Theſe beams we ſee ſo bright that be,
Dart from the glorious ſun,

2. Of righteouſneſs, that riſing is;
The day doth dawn apace;
The ſongs of praiſe we hear a days
Of CHRIST, and his free grace;

3. Are tokens plain, the Lamb once ſlain
Is haſt'ning to his throne;
The bride doth ſay, Come, haſte away,
My dear beloved one.

4. The ſaints rejoice, the turtle's voice
Is heard within our land;
The *hundred forty four thouſand*
Shall ſoon with JESUS ſtand.

5. And they ſhall ſing, to CHRIST their King,
Their ſongs in ſuch a ſtrain,
That learn can none but thoſe alone
Who with the LORD ſhall reign.

6. Ye

6. Ye taught ones of the LORD, ſing praiſe
To th' Lamb the throne upon;
'Tis only he taught you and me
To ſing the Lamb's new ſong.

HYMN CLXVII.

1. WHY ſhould the nations angry be?
What noiſe is this we hear?
The goſpel takes away their Gods,
And that they cannot bear.

2. The exaltation of the Lamb,
Whoſe glory's ſhining forth,
Hath theſe tumultuous noiſes made,
And made the people wroth.

3. The ſaints begin to ſpeak in ſuch
An evangelic ſtrain,
The conſcience of the Phariſee
It fills with rage and pain.

4. The *hundred forty four thouſand*
In ſuch a ſtrain do ſing,
That none but choſen prieſts and kings
Can touch upon that ſtring.

5. Come, ſaints, ſtrike up your ſongs of praiſe,
Though Men and Devils join;
The Scribe and Phariſee alſo
Together do combine;

6. 'Tis all in vain, the Lamb was ſlain,
And lives for evermore;
We therefore ſing unto our King,
And always him adore.

HYMN

HYMN CLXVIII.

1. DOES it not grief and wonder move,
To think of *Iſrael's* dreadful fall?
Who needed miracles to prove
Whether the LORD were GOD, or *Baal!*

2. Methinks I ſee *Elijah* ſtand,
His features glow with love and zeal;
In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
And makes to Heav'n his great appeal:

3. "Oh, GOD, if I thy ſervant am,
If 'tis thy meſſage fills my heart,
Now glorify thy holy name,
And ſhew this people who thou art."

4. He ſpoke, and lo, a ſudden flame
Conſum'd the wood, the duſt, the ſtone;
The people ſtruck, at once proclaim
"The LORD is GOD, the LORD alone."

5. Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for *Baal* than GOD appear;
Like him believers, let us pray,
And may the GOD of *Iſrael* hear.

6. LORD! if thy ſervant ſpeaks thy truth,
If he indeed is ſent by Thee,
Confirm the word to all our youth,
And let them thy ſalvation ſee.

7. Now may the Spirit's holy fire
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word;
Conſume each hurtful vain deſire,
And make them know thou art the LORD.

HYMN

HYMN CLXIX.

1. LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
JESUS, Thou art all compaſſion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breaſt,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt.
Take away our pow'r of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine hoſt above;
Pray, and praiſe thee, without ceaſing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4. Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure and ſpotleſs let us be;
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee;
Chang'd from glory unto glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place,
'Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe!

HYMN CLXX.

1. O All Loving Lamb,
A ſinner I am,
And come as a ſinner thy mercy to claim.

2. With joy I embrace
The pardon and grace
Thy paſſion hath purchas'd for all the loſt race.

3. For ſinners like me
Thy mercy is free;
O, who would not love ſuch a Saviour as thee?

4. Yet long I withſtood
And fled from my GOD,
But mercy purſu'd with the cry of thy blood!

5. It challeng'd its ſtray,
And forc'd me to ſtay,
And waſh'd all my ſins in a moment away.

6. I felt it apply'd,
And joyfully cry'd,
Me, me thou haſt lov'd, and for me thou haſt dy'd!

7. How mighty thou art,
O Love, to convert!
Love only could conquer ſo ſtubborn an heart.

8. The love of GOD-man
Alone could conſtrain
So ſturdy a rebel to love thee again.

9. But

9. But ſure at the laſt
Thy goodneſs I taſte;
My ſoul on thy goodneſs delighted I caſt.

10. Thy goodneſs I'll praiſe,
I'll ſing of thy grace,
And joyfully live out my few happy days.

11. And when thy dear Love
Me hence ſhall remove,
O then I ſhall ſing like the angels above.

12. Yet there when I am,
My work is the ſame,
T' aſcribe my ſalvation to GOD and the Lamb.

13. Salvation to GOD,
I'll publiſh abroad,
And make Heaven ring with the cry of thy blood.

14. The Lamb that was ſlain,
He liveth again,
And I with my JESUS for ever ſhall reign.

HYMN CLXXI.

1. STILL out of the deepeſt abyſs
Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
To ſee my Redeemer, and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear
Theſe paſſionate longings for home:
O when will my ſpirit be there?
O when will the meſſenger come?

2. Thy

2. Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain,
And then in the grave to lay down
My burden of body and pain;
O JESUS, in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast;
Appear, to my rescue appear,
And gather me into thy rest.

3. To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away:
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above,
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love.

HYMN CLXXII.

At PARTING of FRIENDS.

1. GOD of all consolation, take,
The glory of thy grace,
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

Not unto us, but thee, O LORD,
Glory to thee be giv'n,
For every gracious thought and word
That brought us nearer Heav'n.

2. Far-

2. Further'd in faith, or hope, or love,
The praiſe to thee we give,
Thy gifts deſcending from above
We only can receive:

The gift, the grace, the work is thine,
If ours the miniſtry,
We bow, and bleſs the hand divine,
All, all deſcends from thee.

3. Thro' Thee we now together came,
In ſingleneſs of Heart,
We met, O JESUS, in thy name,
And in thy name we part:

We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one,
And each to each in JESUS join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4. Subſiſts as in us all one ſoul,
No pow'r can make us twain,
And mountains riſe, and oceans roll,
To ſever us in vain.

Preſent we ſtill in ſpirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and pray'r
We each to other fly.

5. With JESUS CHRIST together we
In heav'nly places ſit;
Cloth'd with the ſun, we ſmile to ſee
The moon beneath our feet.

Our life is hid with CHRIST in GOD;
Our life ſhall ſoon appear,
And ſpread his glory all abroad,
In all his members here.

6. The

6. The heav'nly treasure now we have
In a mean house of clay,
Which He shall to the utmost save,
And guard against that day.

Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And He will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

7. Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like His shall shine.
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

8. Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through,
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view:

Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jesus, quickly come!

HYMN CLXXIII.

For the Lord's day morning.

1. LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear
My voice aſcending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2. Up to the hills where CHRIST is gone
To plead for all his ſaints,
Preſenting at his father's throne
Our ſongs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a GOD before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4. But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

5. O may thy ſpirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtraight,
And plain before my face.

HYMN CLXXIV.

Saints dwell in heaven; or, CHRIST'S *aſcenſion.*

1. THIS ſpacious earth is all the LORD's,
And men and worms, and beaſts and birds;
He rais'd the building on the ſeas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2. But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, LORD, above the ſky.
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt abode?
And dwell ſo near his maker GOD?

3. He that abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe heart is pure, whoſe hands are clean,
Him ſhall the Lord the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his ſoul with righteouſneſs.

4. Theſe are the men, the pious race,
That ſeek the GOD of *Jacob*'s face;
They ſhall enjoy the bliſsful ſight,
And dwell in everlaſting light.

5. Rejoice ye ſhining worlds on high,
Behold the king of glory's nigh;
Who can this king of glory be?
The mighty LORD, the Saviour's He.

6. Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves diſplay
To make the LORD the Saviour way;
Laden with ſpoils from earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes with GOD to dwell.

7. Rais'd

7. Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

HYMN CLXXV.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1. TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.

3. See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4. Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

5. What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6. Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my GOD my all.

HYMN CLXXVI.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1. SHEW pity, LORD, O LORD, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great GOD, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
LORD, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6. Yet

6. Yet save a trembling sinner, LORD,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN CLXXVII.

Original and actual sin confessed.

1. LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3. [Great GOD, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

4. Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5. No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6. JESUS, my GOD, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No *Jewish* types could cleanse me so.

7. While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

The backslider restored; or, repentance and faith in the blood of CHRIST.

1. O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my GOD, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4. Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5. A

5. A broken heart, my GOD, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The GOD of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O LORD, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7. Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning GOD.

8. O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The LORD, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN CLXXIX.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1. JOY to the world; the LORD is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

HYMN CLXXX.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church: or, public thanks for private deliverance.

1. WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2. Among the saints that fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3. How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5. Now

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6. Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs, ye ſaints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the LORD.

HYMN CLXXXI.

CHRIST *the foundation of his church.*

1. BEhold the ſure foundation ſtone,
Which GOD in *Zion* lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe.

2. Choſen of GOD, to ſinners dear,
And ſaints adore the name,
They truſt their whole ſalvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer ſhame.

3. The fooliſh builders, Scribe and Prieſt,
Reject it with diſdain;
Yet on this rock the church ſhall reſt,
And envy rage in vain.

4. What though the gates of hell withſtood,
Yet muſt this building riſe;
'Tis thy own work, almighty GOD,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

HYMN

HYMN CLXXXII.

The joy of a remarkable converſion; or, melancholy removed.

1. WHEN GOD reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful ſtate,
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
The grace appear'd ſo great.

2. The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confeſs;
My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains,
And ſung ſurpriſing grace.

3. "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4. The LORD can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

5. Let thoſe that ſow in ſadneſs wait
Till the fair harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

6. Though ſeed lie bury'd long in duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be loſt,
For grace inſures the crop.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

Preſervation by day and night.

1. TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The LORD that built the earth and ſkies
Is my perpetual aid.

2. Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep;
His ear attends the ſofteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.

3. He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.

4. *Iſrael* rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Thy keeper is the LORD;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

5. Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Shall have his leave to ſmite;
He ſhields thy head from burning noon,
From blaſting damps at night.

6. He guards thy ſoul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come;
Go and return, ſecure from death,
Till GOD commands thee home.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

GOD *our preſerver.*

1. UPward I lift mine eyes,
From GOD is all my aid;
The GOD that built the ſkies,
And earth and nature made;
GOD is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2. My feet ſhall never ſlide,
And fall in fatal ſnares,
Since GOD, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes,
That never ſleep,
Shall *Iſrael* keep
When dangers riſe.

3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blaſts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If GOD be with me there:
Thou art my ſun,
And thou my ſhade
To guard my head,
By night or noon.

4. Haſt thou not giv'n thy word
To ſave my ſoul from death?
And I can truſt my LORD
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

HYMN

HYMN CLXXXV.

1. BEHOLD, the well of life appears,
Sought for by men four thouſand years!
Tell all mankind: let ev'ry gale
Bear round the earth the pleaſing tale!

2. Bid each diſeaſed ſoul come here;
Ye lame, ye blind, ye ſick, draw near!
Behold, this true this living ſtream
Heals maladies of ev'ry name!

3. The blind rejoice to ſee the ſun:
The lame lay by their crutch and run:
Hark! from the dumb man's looſen'd tongue
Breaks forth the raptur'd, grateful ſong!

4. The deaf too taſte, and wond'ring hear;
The joyful ſound ſalutes their ear:
The feeble drinks the healing ſtream,
And vigour ſhoots thro' all his frame.

5. This ſtream ſhall all our wants ſupply;
Impov'riſh'd Souls, why ſhould ye die?
The Spirit ſays, "Whoever will
"May hither come, and drink his fill."

6. Let the glad tidings reach the dead;
This river runs thro' death's dark ſhade:
Where'er it comes, this living ſpring
Gives life and health to ev'ry thing.

7. Ye thirſty ſouls! no more complain,
Our GOD has ſmote the rock again;
From Calv'ry's mount the ſtream runs down,
From the pierc'd ſide of GOD's own Son.

8. While thro' life's barren waſte we ſtray,
This ſtream ſhall follow all the way;
Beſt flow'rs ſhall ſpring where'er it flows,
And deſerts bloſſom as the roſe.

9. What tho' the ſultry heats annoy!
Theſe waters ſtill renew our joy;
And while we drink this chearing Spring,
By Calv'ry's ſtreams we ſit and ſing.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

For the LORD's Supper.

1. WHAT heav'nly MAN, or lovely GOD,
Comes marching downward from the ſkies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2. The LORD! the SAVIOUR! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious MAN that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in Agonies and tears!

3. Lo, he reveals his ſhining breaſt!
I own thoſe wounds, and I adore;
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore!

4. Whence

4. Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine?
LORD! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine,
This heav'nly fleſh, this ſacred food?

5. 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;
'Twas his own love this table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy worms as we.

6 Then let us taſte the SAVIOUR's love,
Come, faith, and feed upon the LORD;
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move,
And ſweet Hoſannas crown the board.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

FORSAKEN, YET HOPING.

1. HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my JESUS mine,
And ſit and view his ſmiling face.
And melt in pleaſures all divine.

2. Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till ſin defil'd my breaſt,
Till broken vows and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly gueſt.

3. And now he's gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my ſoul, and hides his love!
Curſe on you ſins, that griev'd Him ſo,
Ye ſins that forc'd Him to remove.

4. Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue:
Hither, my friends, your ſorrows bring:
Angels, aſſiſt my doleful ſong,
If you have e'er a mourning ſtring.

5. But, ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you ſee;
While my poor ſpirits pant and die,
And groan for Thee, my GOD for Thee.

6. Yet let my hope look thro' my tears,
And ſpy afar his rolling Throne;
His Chariot thro' the cleaving ſpheres
Shall bring the bright BELOVED down.

7. Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My ſoul ſprings out to meet him high,
Then the fair CONQU'ROR turns his wheels,
And climbs the manſions of the ſky.

8 There ſmiling joy forever reigns,
No more the Turtle leaves the Dove;
Farewel to jealouſies, and pains,
And all the ills of abſent love.

HYMN

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

UNBELIEF.

1. ALL you that love the LORD draw near,
To my complaint pray lend an ear,
And help me to condole my grief,
For I'm diſtreſt by Unbelief.

2. Sometimes I'm ſuch a ſtupid clod
I doubt the exiſtence of a GOD;
But ſtill his terrors work my grief,
While hope is drown'd in unbelief.

3. When thus I'm ſore diſtreſt all day,
When evening comes I fain would pray,
And beg for pardon, and relief;
"But there's no GOD:" ſays unbelief.

4. But who did all things firſt create?
Was it not GOD, the wiſe and great?
While thus I would aſſwage my grief,
"You have no ſoul:" ſays unbelief.

5. But then I make this quick reply,
What makes me then afraid to die,
And after death to dread the grief
Which I muſt have for unbelief?

6. Beſides the SAVIOUR came to die,
The ſouls of men to purify;
Which clearly proves for our relief,
That men have ſouls, O unbelief!

7. Bleſt be my GOD, that now I ſee
That JESUS gave himſelf for me;
I'll praiſe his name, who bore my grief,
And ſaves my ſoul from unbelief.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

1. O Joyful ſound of goſpel-grace!
My SAVIOUR will appear;
I hope with joy to ſee his face,
And to be holy here.
LORD make my heart thy conſtant home!
For this my ſoul doth cry.
"Surely (he ſaith) I quickly come."
He ſaith, who cannot lie.

2. The GOD of truth himſelf hath ſworn,
Whoe'er on him relies
Shall be on wings of eagles borne,
Till he attains the prize.
The glorious crown of righteouſneſs
By faith my ſoul doth ſee;
That crown the faithful ſhall poſſeſs,
And faithful I would be.

3. The promis'd land from Piſgah's top,
My ſoul exults to view;
My hope is full, (O bleſſed hope)
Of pleaſures ever new.
My ſpirit once by ſin depreſt,
Tir'd by the heavy load,
Now pants for everlaſting reſt,
And longs to dwell in GOD.

4. I

4. I feel and know him now in part!
His love my ſoul conſtrains;
Its near approach expands my heart,
And breaks my ſlaviſh chains.
He viſits now the houſe of clay,
My ſpirit feels him come;
Dear LORD for ever with me ſtay,
And make my ſoul thy home!

5. With me, I know, I feel thou art,
Thy preſence LORD I prize;
O make the garden of my heart
A conſtant paradiſe!
My earth is water'd from thy ſky,
LORD make my vale a pool!
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my ſoul!

6. Come, O my GOD, thyſelf reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canſt my ſpirit fill:
Be mine, or I'm deſtroy'd.
Fulfil, O GOD, my vaſt deſires,
Vaſt as infinity;
O give me all my ſoul requires,
For, LORD, that ALL's in thee.

HYMN CXC.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION.

1. FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And ſearch in vain for bliſs:

My

My ſoul is ſatisfy'd at home,
The LORD my portion is.

2. JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heav'n, and earth, and ſea;
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himſelf to me.

3. His perſon fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preſerves me here.

4. His word of promiſe is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my ſtrength renew'd,
And all my wants ſupply'd.

5. For him I count as gain each loſs,
Diſgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his croſs,
While he prepares my crown!

6, Let worldlings then indulge their boaſt,
How much they gain or ſpend;
Their joys muſt ſoon give up the ghoſt,
But mine ſhall know no end.

HYMN CXCI.

1. THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's veins;
And ſinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2. The

2. The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there have I as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
'Till all the ranſom'd church of GOD
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

4. E'er ſince by faith I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler ſweeter ſong,
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave:
When this poor liſping, ſtamm'ring tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

6. LORD, I believe thou haſt prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7. 'Tis ſtrung and tun'd for endleſs years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To ſound in GOD the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN

HYMN CXCII.

BREATHING AFTER HEAVENLY THINGS.

1. TO thee, my GOD, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores:
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems,
On the rich eaſtern ſhores.

2. Not that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatneſs in its gayeſt forms,
My reſtleſs thoughts enflame.

3. Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms,
My fond deſires allure;
Far greater things than earth can yield,
My wiſhes would ſecure.

4. Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles,
That brighten heav'n above;
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

5. Theſe are the mighty things I crave:
O! make theſe bleſſings mine;
And all the glories of the world
I gladly will reſign.

HYMN

HYMN CXCIII.

1. LET worldly minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.

2. It's pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have known the LORD.

3. As by the light of op'ning day,
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When JESUS is reveal'd.

4. Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5. Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me?

6. Yes, tho' of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadſt not lov'd me firſt,
I had refus'd thee ſtill.

HYMN CXCIV.

Reigning Grace.

1. NOW may the LORD reveal his face,
And teach our ſtamm'ring tongues
To make his ſov'reign reigning grace,
The ſubject of our ſongs?
No ſweeter ſubject can invite
A ſinner's heart to ſing;
Or more diſplay the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

2. This ſubject fills the ſtarry plains
With wonder, joy, and love;
And furniſhes the nobleſt ſtrains
For all the harps above:
While the redeem'd in praiſe combine
To grace upon the throne;
Angels in ſolemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.

3. Grace tills the ſoil, and ſows the ſeeds,
Provides the ſun and rain;
Till from the tender blades proceeds
The ripen'd harveſt grain.
'Twas grace that call'd our ſouls at firſt,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us thro' the worſt,
And lead us ſafely home.

4. LORD,

4. LORD, when this changing life is paſt
If we may ſee thy face;
How ſhall we praiſe, and love, at laſt,
And ſing the reign of grace!
Yet let us aim while here below
Thy mercy to diſplay;
And own at leaſt the debt we owe,
Altho' we cannot pay.

HYMN CXCV.

CHRIST PRECIOUS TO A BELIEVER.

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport, and my truſt:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3. All my capacious pow'rs can wiſh,
In thee moſt richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4. O may thy grace ſtill chear my heart!
And ſhed its fragrance there!
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5. I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
When ſpeechleſs, claſp thee in my arms;
My joy in life and death!

HYMN CXCVI.

THE NATIVITY.

1. HARK, the glad ſound! the Saviour come
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.

2. On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3. He comes the pris'ners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4. He comes, from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celeſtial day.

5. He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6. Our

6. Our glad Hoſannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN CXCVII.

EVERY CREATURE AT GOD's COMMAND.

1. ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever diſtreſs may betide,
The ſaints may commit all their cares
To him who will always provide.
When rain long withheld from the earth
Occaſion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, ſecur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was conſtantly fed.

2. More likely to rob than to feed,
Are ravens who live upon prey;
But where the LORD's people have need,
His goodneſs will find out a way:
This inſtance to thoſe may ſeem ſtrange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But ſooner all nature ſhall change,
Than one of GOD's promiſes fail.

3. Nor is it a ſingular caſe;
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many may ſay to GOD's praiſe,
By ravens he ſendeth them food.
Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and ſelfiſh their mind,

If GOD has a ſervant to feed,
Againſt their own wills can be kind.

4. Thus Satan, the raven unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the ſaints,
O'er-rul'd by a power unſeen,
Adminiſters oft to their wants:
GOD teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel:
This raven who thirſts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5. How ſafe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He'll give them out ſtrength for their day,
Their wants he will ſurely ſupply.
He ravens and lions can tame;
All creatures obey his command:
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN CXCVIII.

CHARITY NEVER FAILETH. 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

1. FAITH in the bleeding LAMB,
O what a gift is this!
Hope of ſalvation in his name,
How comfortable 'tis!

2. Knowledge of what is right:
How we are reconcil'd;

A

A foe receiv'd a favourite,
An alien made a child.

3. Bleſſings, my friends, like theſe,
Are very very great:
But ſoon they ev'ry one muſt ceaſe;
Nor are they now complete.

4. Faith will to bliſs give place.
In ſight we hope ſhall loſe;
For who needs truſt-for things he has;
Or hope for what he views?

5. The little too that's known,
Which, children-like, we boaſt,
Will fade like glow-worms in the Sun,
Or drops in ocean loſt.

6. But love ſhall ſtill remain;
Its glories cannot ceaſe.
No other change ſhall that ſuſtain,
Save only to increaſe.

7. Of all that GOD beſtows,
In earth, or heav'n above,
The beſt gift ſaint or angel knows,
Or e'er will know, is love.

8. Love all defects ſupplies,
Makes great obſtructions ſmall.
'Tis pray'r; 'tis praiſe; 'tis ſacrifice;
'Tis holineſs; 'tis all.

9. Deſcend, celeſtial dove,
With JESU's flock abide:
Give us that beſt of bleſſings, love:
Whate'er we want beſide.

HYMN CXCIX.

TRUE, AND FALSE, FAITH.

1. FAITH's a convincing proof;
A ſubſtance ſound and ſure:
That keeps the ſoul ſecur'd enough;
But makes it not ſecure.

2. Notion's the harlots teſt,
By which the truth's revil'd;
The child of fancy finely dreſt;
But not the living child.

3. Faith is by knowledge fed;
And with obedience mixt.
Notion is empty, cold, and dead:
And fancy's never fixt.

4. True faith's the life of GOD.
Deep in the heart it lies.
It lives, and labours under load;
Tho' dampt, it never dies.

5. A weak'ning, emptying grace;
That makes us ſtrong and full.
Falſe faith, tho' ſtout and full in face,
Weakens and ſtarves the ſoul.

6. Opi-

6. Opinions in the head
True faith as far excels;
As body differs from a ſhade,
Or kernels from the ſhells.

7. To ſee good bread or wine
Is not to eat or drink.
So ſome, who hear the word divine,
Do not believe, but think.

8. True faith refines the heart;
And purifies with blood:
Takes the whole goſpel, not a part;
And holds the fear of GOD.

HYMN CC.

Funeral Hymn.

1. CHRISTIANS, view this ſolemn ſcene:
And, if your ſouls be ſad,
Look beyond the cloud between;
And let your hearts be glad.
Never from your mem'ry loſe
The reſurrection of the juſt.
Death's a bleſſing now to thoſe
Who in our JESUS truſt.

2. Deep interr'd in earth's dark womb
The mould'ring body lies.
But the Chriſtian from the tomb
Shall ſoon triumphant riſe.
JESUS CHRIST, the righteous Judge,
For all his people's ſins was ſlain.

Give

Give the SAVIOUR without grudge,
The purchaſe of his pain.

3. Now the grave's a downy bed,
Embroider'd round with blood.
Say not the believer's dead;
He only reſts in GOD.
LORD, we long to be at home;
Lay down our heads, and ſleep in Thee.
Come, LORD JESUS quickly come;
And ſet thy pris'ners free.

HYMN CCI.

To the HOLY GHOST.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come:
Let thy bright beams ariſe,
Diſpel the darkneſs from our minds;
And open LORD our eyes.

2. Chear our deſponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly paraclete,
Give us to lie with humble hope,
At our REDEEMER's feet,

3. Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flames
Of never dying love.

4. Convince us of our ſin;
Then lead to JESU's blood:
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The ſecret love of GOD.

5. Shew us that loving man,
That rules the courts of bliſs,
The LORD of hoſts, the mighty GOD,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

6. 'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
To ſanctify the ſoul,
To pour freſh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

7. If thou celeſtial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What eaſy victims ſoon we fall
To conſcience, wrath, and law!

8. No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our ſin revives; and death and hell
Our feeble ſouls aſſail,

9. Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free.
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

HYMN CCII.

1. I AM, ſaith CHRIST, the Way.
Now if we credit him,
All other paths muſt lead aſtray
How fair ſoe'er they ſeem.

2. I

2. I am, ſaith CHRIST, the Truth.
Then all that lacks this teſt,
Proceed it from an Angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at beſt.

3. I am ſaith CHRIST, the Life.
Let this be ſeen by faith,
It follows without further ſtrife,
That all beſides is death.

4. If what thoſe words aver,
The Holy Ghoſt apply;
The ſimpleſt Chriſtian ſhall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

HYMN CCIII.

1. TAKE heed, ye Chriſtians how ye hear.
Pay ev'ry truth reſpect.
The word of exhortation bear;
Nor treat with cold neglect.

2. Deſpiſe not thoſe who would you warn,
Remember, this is true:
He that his duty will not learn,
His duty will not do.

3. Who ſlights in any part GOD's word,
Shews a too haughty look.
The ſlothful ſoul will not be ſtirr'd;
Nor ſcorners hear rebuke.

4. Better's a babe, that would be wiſe,
Than thoſe who mind high things:

Whoſe

Whose long profession scorns advice,
Those old and foolish kings.

5. LORD let me not, by pride entic'd,
Thy precepts count a load.
Help me to keep the faith of CHRIST,
And the commands of GOD.

HYMN CCIV.

CHARACTERS AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

1. CHRIST is th' eternal Rock,
On which his church is built;
The Shepherd of his little flock;
The Lamb that took our guilt;
Our Counsellor; our Guide;
Our Brother, and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
Who loves her to the end.

2. He is the Son to free;
The Bishop he to bless;
The full Propitiation he;
The LORD our Righteousness:
His body's glorious Head;
Our Advocate that pleads;
Our Priest that pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
And ever intercedes.

3. Let all obedient souls
Their grateful tribute bring;

Submit

Submit to JESU's righteous rules,
And bow before their King.
Our Prophet CHRIST expounds
His and our Father's will.
This good Phyſician cures our wounds
With tenderneſs and ſkill.

4. When ſin had ſadly made
'Twixt wrath and mercy ſtrife;
Our dear Redeemer dearly paid
Our ranſom with his life.
Faith gives the full releaſe;
Our Surety for us ſtood.
The Mediator made the peace,
And ſign'd it with his blood.

5. Soldiers your Captain own.
Domeſtics, ſerve your Lord.
Sinners, the SAVIOUR's love make known.
Saints, hymn th' Incarnate Word;
The Witneſs ſure and true
Of GOD's good will to men;
The Alpha and th' Omega too,
The Firſt and Laſt Amen

6. Poor pilgrims ſhall not ſtray,
Who frighted flee from wrath:
A bleeding JESUS is the Way;
And blood tracks all the path.
Chriſtians in CHRIST obtain
The Truth that can't deceive.
And never ſhall they die again,
Who in the Life believe.

FINIS.

INDEX,

Or Table of first lines.

	Hymn	Page
AH, lovely appearance of death!	45	56
All you that love the Lord &c.	188	221
Amen, the holy Angels cry,	18	24
Am I a soldier of the cross?	58	76
And now the year salutes our eyes,	111	137
And is it yet dear Lord, a doubt,	115	142
Arise, my tend'rest thoughts arise,	27	35
As shepherds in Jewry were guarding &c.	148	175
A thousand foes prepare to war,	117	143
Awake, and sing the song	21	28
Awake, ye saints, and lift your eyes,	128	155
Away dark thoughts, awake, my joy;	93	118
B		
Behold, the bright morning appears,	124	150
Behold the sure foundation stone,	181	213
Behold, the well of life appears,	185	217
Blessed be God for all,	59	77
Blest be the dear uniting love,	55	71
Blest be my God that I was born	23	30
Blow ye the trumpet blow,	28	35
Brethren, I bid you all farewel;	107	134

C

	Hymn	Page
Can we behold without amaze	135	161
Chriſt's trumpet ſounds, let ſaints be arm'd,	3	6
Chriſt is th' eternal rock,	204	239
Chriſtians, view this ſolemn ſcene,	200	235
Come riſe, my ſoul, to noble things,	1	3
Come all ye chriſtians, view	4	7
Come, let us join for to adore	12	16
Come ye ſinners, poor, and wretched,	25	33
Come thou fount of ev'ry bleſſing!	47	59
Come ſinners to the goſpel feaſt,	48	61
Come ſee the pow'r of Chriſt our King!	106	133
Come thou bleſt Jeſus fill my heart,	116	142
Come Lord, and warm each languid heart,	121	147
Come, ye Chriſtians, ſing the praiſes	146	173
Come, thou Almighty King,	149	177
Come, holy Spirit, come;	201	236

D

Dear Saviour here I panting lie,	41	52
Dear friends farewel, I go to dwell	44	55
Deſerters, to the camp return,	30	37
Did our Immanuel die for us,	56	72
Diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing, Lord,	130	157
Does it not grief and wonder move.	168	198

E

Earth has detain'd me priſ'ner long,	67	86
Elijah's example declares,	197	231
Encourag'd by thy word	97	121

F

	Hymn	Page
Faith in the bleeding Lamb,	198	262
Faith's a convincing proof,	199	234
Farewel vain world, I bid adieu,	90	114
Far from theſe narrow ſcenes of night,	119	145
Father, if thou my Father art,	104	130
Father, I long, I faint to ſee,	123	149
From Pole to Pole let others roam,	190	223

G

Gird thy Loins up, Chriſtian Soldier,	132	158
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,	78	99
God moves in a myſterious way	24	32
God of my life, through all my days,	151	179
God of all conſolation, take	172	202
Guide me, oh thou great Jehovah,	39	48

H

Hail the day that ſees him riſe,	102	128
Happy ſoul, that hears and follows	137	163
Happy the hours, the golden days,	187	219
Hark whence that ſound! hark! hark! the joyful ſhoutings;	118	144
Hark, the glad ſound! the Saviour comes,	196	230
He comes! he comes! the Saviour dear,	101	127
He comes! he comes! the Saviour comes!	161	190
He dies! the friend of ſinners dies!	158	187
Hence from my ſoul, my ſins depart,	66	85
How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!	64	82

	Hymn	Page
How wond'rous are the works of God	82	104
How ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds	112	138
How tedious and taſteleſs the hours,	133	159

I

I aſk'd the Lord that I might grow	164	194
I am, ſaith Chriſt, the way,	202	237
I am now inclin'd	87	109
If all the globe belong'd to me,	13	17
If to Jeſus for relief	69	90
If there are paſſions in my ſoul,	71	92
I long to ſhare the happineſs	54	69
I long to behold him array'd	96	121
I'll praiſe my Maker with my breath;	105	131
In heav'nly choirs a queſtion roſe,	57	73
Innumerable foes	162	190
I ſojourn in a vale of tears;	92	116
It is a very pleaſant thing	16	22
I want an heart to pray;	63	82
Jeſu, lover of my ſoul,	46	58
Jeſus, thy bleſſings are not few,	72	93
Jeſus drinks the bitter cup,	125	152
Jeſus, my all to Heav'n is gone,	126	153
Jeſus is our God, and Saviour,	145	171
Jeſus, I love thy charming name,	195	229
Joy to the World; the Lord is come;	179	211

K

Kind ſouls, who for the mis'ries moan	84	106

	Hymn	Page
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,	152	182

L.

Lamb of God, we fall before thee,	144	177
Let Zion and her sons rejoice,	76	94
Let us ask th' important question,	147	17
Let worldly minds the world pursue,	193	227
Lo, he comes with clouds descending!	99	124
Lord, bring thy church out of distress,	10	14
Lord help us on thy love to feed;	26	34
Lord, pity outcasts vile and base,	142	169
Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove	150	178
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	173	205
Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,	177	209
Love divine, all loves excelling,	169	199
Lo, what an entertaining sight	95	120
Luke warm souls, the foe grows stronger,	129	156

M.

Magnificent free grace arise,	159	188
Mercy is welcome news indeed,	136	162
Methinks I hear my Saviour's voice,	11	15
Mourning, and drooping, here I lie	40	49
My Jesus he is all to me,	51	66
My soul doth magnify the Lord,	19	25

T

	Hymn	Page
Take heed, ye Chriſtians how ye hear,	203	238
Teach me the meaſure of my days,	175	207
That heart is harder than a ſtone	91	115
There is a war proclaim'd above,	2	5
The fountain of Chriſt	37	44
The Lord that made both heav'n and earth,	79	100
The ſouls that would to Jeſus preſs,	80	102
The Lord our ſalvation and light,	113	139
The church a garden is,	114	141
There is a land of living joy,	120	146
There is a land of pure delight,	122	148
The ſinner that truly believes,	141	167
There is a fountain fill'd with blood,	191	224
This God is the God we adore,	29	36
This ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,	174	206
Tho' ſtrait be the way,	36	43
Thy judgments, great God, are equal and juſt,	50	65
Thy love, O Jeſus! is a theme	155	183
'Tis a point I long to know,	103	129
'Tis falſe; thou vile accuſer go,	163	193
To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,	183	215
To thee, my God, I hourly ſigh,	192	226
Try us, O God, and ſearch the ground	20	27

U

	Hymn	Page
Uprising from the darksome tomb	143	169
Upward I lift mine eyes,	184	216
Vain man thy fond pursuits forbear;	31	37
Vain things allure, and charm the mind	109	136
Vital spark of heav'nly flame,	65	84

W

Well, let this earthly house decay,	15	21
Whatever prompts the soul to pride,	33	39
What trumpet's this that sounds	165	195
What shall I render to my God,	180	212
What heav'nly man, or lovely God,	186	218
When the Saviour good and gracious,	6	10
When Christ shall rend from end to end	42	53
When rising from the bed of death,	53	68
When gracious Lord, when shall it be	62	81
When darkness long has veil'd my mind,	74	95
When John, though a man,	85	107
When with my mind devoutly prest,	100	126
When God reveal'd his gracious name,	182	214
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,	70	91
While on the verge of life I stand,	127	154
Who knows but such an one as I	89	113
Why should the nations angry be?	167	197

Y

	Hymn	Page
Ye children of God,	35	42
Ye lambs of Chriſt's fold,	34	40
Ye nations hear, 'tis Heav'n doth call;	156	184
Ye ſouls that are weak	38	46
Ye tempted ſouls, reflect	138	164

Z

	Hymn	Page
Zion rejoice lift up your voice	43	155